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THE STANDARD.

NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

DEATH OF JOHN W. BROWNE, ESQ. AND REV. THEODORE PARKER.

COMMEMORATIVE MEETING AT THE MELODEON.

Phonographic report by J. M. W. YERRINTON.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON, May 31.

At this session of the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, the series of resolutions presented by Mr. PHILLIPS, relating to the recent decease of JOHN W. BROWNE, Esq., and Rev. THEODORE PARKER [see last week's STANDARD], came up for consideration by special assignment.

THE PRESIDENT: I can only say, for myself, that, perhaps, I have no right to a single moment of the precious time, so wisely assigned to other speakers; but this let me say, as the presiding officer of this Convention, that under no auspices, perhaps, could this fitting tribute be more suitably and profitably offered, than under those of the New England Anti-Slavery Convention; and, were the tribute to be commensurate with the worth of our dear friend, it might better be said, under the auspices of the United States Anti-Slavery Convention, or the wide world's Anti-Slavery Convention. For who more than he has been the fearless champion of human rights? This, as was said yesterday, of all places in this city of his professional labors, is the fitting place for our tribute: for you remember it was here that he first planted the standard of freedom of speech and the freedom of the pulpit, which he so mantully and nobly sustained to the hour of his death. I am sure there are many here present who well remember the stormy day, in the month of February, 1845, when he met here his few and fondly-attached followers, and here inaugurated that freedom which he so bravely carried out.

But, as I said when I began, I have no right—though my heart is full enough, Heaven knows—to encroach upon the time which has been assigned to other and abler speakers. You are to hear, this afternoon, from our friend, Wendell Phillips (applause), who is here, and, I presume, bears in his hand resolutions appropriate to the occasion.

SPEECH OF REV. SAMUEL J. MAY.

Rev. S. J. MAY, of Syracuse, N. Y., came forward and said:

Mr. PRESIDENT: I shall not detain you or the Convention long with what I have to say. You are all expecting, and expecting justly, from the lips of him who has just read to you the resolutions, a speech which will be more worthy of them and of the occasion than anything that I can offer. But I deem it a privilege as well as a duty first to press upon you—if, indeed, they need to be pressed—those resolutions, expressive of the sorrow which every one who had aught to do with this or any other of the attempted reforms in our country must feel, when they think of the departure of those who have been so true, so faithful, so fearless. I look back, Mr. President, with a sad heart upon the past, when I remember not only these two faithful ones, but others who have fallen, ere yet the great work to which we put our hands, a few years ago, seems to be half accomplished. When I first heard our brother Garrison state and advocate the great principles on which the redemption of the enslaved in our country was to be attempted, they seemed to me so self-evidently true, they were so impressive, that I had not a doubt of their almost immediate acceptance when they should be made known. So simple was I in that day of anti-slavery infancy! In 1840, a dear friend, my step-mother, died. She had ever, however, I am sorry to say, been opposed to my espousal of the anti-slavery cause; for, though excellent in other respects, she was constitutionally conservative. I refer to her now, that I may mention a fact which I had forgotten for some time. Among her papers was one dated about ten years before the time when I found it, on which was recorded this simple prediction of mine: "Our son, S. J. May, says that, in ten years from this time, the anti-slavery cause must be triumphant." That was in 1840. How little did I foresee the trials to which this self-evident truth was to be subjected, ere it would be accepted by the people! Never shall I forget the joy of my heart when our friends, PHILLIPS and QUINCY, came forth, with all their academic honors upon them, and all their professional prospects before them, and laid themselves, and all they were and had, upon the altar of devotion to the slave (loud applause). It seemed to me the harbinger of almost immediate triumph to our cause. But we toiled on, year after year, and still the mighty Bastile stood, apparently as firm as ever. Then came the men who are alluded to in these resolutions. And more especially THEODORE PARKER, of whom all that is here set forth may be said, and more, if language could be found to express it. A truer, purer, simpler, more devout, devoted, fearless, loving man, have I never known (applause). And yet, what have his labors, and all the labors of brother Browne, and of all who have come into this cause, effected? The nation is indeed aroused; the nation can never slumber again over this mighty wrong; that is true. The day of triumph must come, for there is a God, and there is a spark of Divinity in every human heart, else man would not be man (applause). And yet, who is confident enough to prophesy when the hour is to be? But let us not be discouraged. In grateful memory of these devoted friends, in grateful memory of the services rendered us by that man, especially, whose memory is to live, and whose fame is to spread wider and wider, and whose loving and burning words are to be listened to by an ever-enlarging audience throughout every part of those lands which speak our language—aye, and of all other lands in which there is anything like free thought—in grateful remembrance of his services, and as the best testimony we can give him of our gratitude and love, let us now, with renewed devotion, consecrate ourselves all the more to this great service, in the solemn resolution that, crippled as we are by his removal from our midst, yet, trusting in that God whom he so nobly vindicated from the aspersions that a false theology has thrown upon him, and to the power of that truth which possesses, in itself, an influence which the stoutest, the most malignant, cannot forever withstand—let us, I say, resolve that, crippled as we are, we will nevertheless go on with increased determination, fighting this monster-wrong to its death.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.

Mr. Phillips, who was received with loud applause, addressed the audience as follows:

Mr. CHAIRMAN: You will not, of course, expect me, no one would be expected, to analyze a near friend in the very hour he dies. That would be a cold heart, fit only for a critic who, in the very hour that he lost one who had made a large share of his life, could hold him off, and take all his separate qualities to pieces, and paint them in words. We are too near, we love too much, to perform such an office to each other. Now, at least, all we can do is to call up some few prominent traits that have been forced upon our observation as we walked side by side with those who have worked and lived with us.

Very few of you knew that most efficient friend named in the first resolution I have read; yet, though hidden, he was no slight or trivial servant to the great cause. The purest of all human hearts—but not, as is sometimes the case, with that rare and childlike simplicity, a merely negative character; for he graduated at Harvard in the same class, and was linked as a room-mate and nearest and most intimate friend, with one whose intellect is the admiration of millions—our Senator, Mr. Sumner (applause); and he was thought by many, indeed by most, of those who stood at the goal of collegiate reputation, the most original and ablest intellect which that class gave to the world. In the bloom of youth, in the freshness of a rare success in his profession, he placed himself on this platform in the mob years of the anti-slavery enterprise, when to speak an anti-slavery word was starvation, when to hold up an anti-slavery banner was political suicide. Yet, the most promising lawyer in the County of Essex, dowered with the love of the Whig party of that county, he came to this platform with that unconscious fidelity to truth which is incapable of asking first what is expedient. I remember well what checked his political advancement, and it suggests one of the great comforts in this life of a reformer. After all the seeming sacrifices (for they are only seeming) and the hard struggles which are said to mark our lives, we are the happiest of the human race, for God gives us this, the greatest of all rewards: As we move onward, society shapes itself according to our ideas; we see about us the growing proof, the ever fresh and green evidence that we were right ten years before (applause). Conservatism creeps on, discontented, distrustful, timid, thinking that when you have swept away the cobwebs the roof is coming down, sighing for the good old times, anxious to hide in its grave from the ruin and wickedness it sees all about; but Reform walks onward, its buoyant forehead lit with the twilight of the coming day, and crying, "All hail! my brother! I saw you in my dreams! Thank God that he gave me life long enough to see you set jocund foot on the misty mountain-tops of the morrow (enthusiastic applause). Now, this brave, dear brother, when he stood the pet of Essex, was asked, as the condition of another step of political advancement at the very threshold of his life, hardly graduated from college—"Will you take the Senatorship, and when there, will you pledge yourself to vote for Daniel Webster?" "Never!" "Then be no longer officer of ours." To-day, in sadness, with veiled face, every heart in Massachusetts acknowledges that the step which that young man rebuked by refusing to pledge himself in advance to its support, was a fatal mistake in the great statesman of New England. That instinctive sense of right which, standing alone, on life's threshold, and at the cost of being thought a fanatic and a madman, threw away ambition at the bidding of duty, Massachusetts puts her seal upon it to-day, and says, "Would to God that we had been as frank, and done as much, and turned away the bitter years which closed the life of our great, our favorite statesman!"

Leaving politics, Mr. Browne, with his characteristic simplicity of character and unconsciousness of talent, deemed himself unfit for the tasks which others were ready to press upon him. He said to me once, I remember, when I urged him to come to this platform, and let us hear again the voice which had delighted us so often, "I ought not to be there; there is nothing in me worthy to stand there; I am shamed away from such a post." Yet the best judge in New England called him "the most pregnant talker he ever met." And never was a demand, of whatever character, made upon him, to which he did not respond with an alacrity and efficiency which showed how mistaken was his own judgment, and how much wiser he would have been to have yielded to our entreaties, and have led where he only consented to follow.

You who remember him so calm, self-poised, and still in manner, speaking in measured words, one by one, saw only half his nature. By constitution, his blood was lava, and his soul thundered and lightened at the sight of wrong, specially any meanly base act. Indeed, "thunder and lightning" was the pet name he bore among his classmates. But, side by side with this volcano, stood, sleepless and watchful, the most delicate and scrupulous conscientiousness—too delicate perhaps for daily life. When plunged, therefore, in our fierce agitation, he doubted whether he was justified, in the hot moments and floods of feeling which such contention let loose on his spirit. It seemed to him his duty, the best part and purest, to keep the waters of his life calm and still beneath the stars that looked into their depths. Such conviction, however, never made him either an idler or a neutral. His flag was nailed to the mast—no man ever mistook his position. Beneath that flag was so high-souled and transparent a life that none could hate or doubt the bearer. His professional skill, the very best our Bar possessed, was freely given to every poor man. Never rich, his hand was ever open. Nowhere did he fear the face of man; and, as much as our nature can, he surely kept a conscience void of offence towards his fellows, and a soul pure in the sight of God. Patient of labor, in that little heeded and hidden toil so indispensable to every reform he was ever ready. Many of us stood here dowered with the result of his toil, many of us brought to you his ripe thoughts, which his own lip and his own life would have given so much better; and when he fell, I, for one, felt lonelier and weaker in my place in this world and its battle. There are very few men so true to friendship, so loyal, so untiring, that you feel, in closing your eyes, "I leave one behind me who will see that over my grave no malicious lie goes unrebuked, and that justice is done to my intentions." I always felt that if Providence should take me first, there was a voice and a hand which thirty years of tried and stanch friendship would place as a shelter over my memory. Would to God I could do him to-day, half the justice that his sword would have leapt from its scabbard to do for me! (Applause).

Another friend is gone. Not gone! No, with us, only standing one step higher than he did. To such spirits, there is no death. In the old times, when men fought with spears, the warrior hurled his weapon into the thickest of the opposite host, and struggled bravely on, until he stood over it and reclaimed it. In the bloom of his youth, Theodore Parker flung his heart forward at the feet of the Eternal; he has only struggled onward, and reached it to-day. (Profound sensation.) Only one step higher!

"Wail ye may full well for Scotland,
Let none dare to mourn for him."

How shall we group his qualities? The first that occurs to me is the tireless industry of that unresting brain, which never seemed to need leisure. When some engagement brought me home in the small hours of the morning, many and many a time have I looked out (my own window commands those of his study,) and seen that unquenched light burning, that unflagging student ever at work. Half envious—half ashamed, I lay down, saying, with the Athenian, "The trophies of Miltiades will not let me sleep." He seemed to rebuke me even by the light that flashed from the window of his study. I have met him on the cars deep in some strange tongue, or hiving up knowledge to protect the weak and hated of his own city. Neither on the journey nor at home did his spirit need to rest.

Why is he dead? Because he took up the burden of three men. A faithful pulpit is enough for one man. He filled it until the fulness of his ideas overflowed into other channels. It was not enough. His diocese extended to the prairies. On every night of the week those brave lips smothered bigotry, conquered prejudice, and melted true hearts into his own on the banks of the Mississippi. This was enough for two men. But he said, "I will bring to this altar of Reform a costlier offering yet;" and he gathered the sheaf of all literature into his bosom, and came with another man's work, almost all the thoughts of all ages and all tongues, as the background of his influence in behalf of the slave. He said, "Let no superficial scholarship presume to arraign Reform as arrogant and empty fanaticism. I will overtop your champions with language and law, and show you, in all tongues, by arguments hoar with antiquity, the rightfulness and inevitable necessity of justice and liberty" (hearty applause). Enough work for three to do; and he sunk under the burden!

Lord Bacon says, "Studies teach not their own use; that comes from a wisdom without them and above them." The fault of New England scholarship is that it knows not its own use; that, as Bacon says, "it settles in its fixed ways, and does not seek reformation." The praise of this scholar is, that, like the great master of English philosophy, he was content to light his torch at every man's candle. He was not ashamed to learn. When he started in the pulpit, he came a Unitarian, with the blessings of Cambridge. Men say he is a Unitarian no longer; but the manna, when it was kept two days, bred maggots, and the little worms that run about on the surface of corruption call themselves the children and representatives of Channing. They are only the worms of the manna, and the pulpit of Federal street found its child at the Music Hall (loud applause). God's lineage is not of blood. Brewster, of Plymouth, if he stood here to-day, would not be in the Orthodox Church, counting on his anxious fingers the five points of Calvin. No; he would be shouldering a Sharp's rifle in Kansas; fighting against the libels of *The Independent* and *Observer;* preaching treason in Virginia, and hung on an American gibbet; for the child of Puritanism is not mere Calvinism; it is that loyalty to justice which tramples under foot the wicked laws of its own epoch. So Unitarianism (as far as it has any worth) is not standing in the same pulpit, or muttering the same shibboleth; it is, like Channing, looking into the face of a national sin, and, with lips touched like Isaiah's, finding it impossible not to launch at it the thunderbolt of God's rebuke (applause).

Old Lyman Beecher said, "If you want to find the successor of St. Paul, seek him where you find the same objections made to a preacher that were made to St. Paul." Who won the hatred of the merchant princes of Boston? Whom did State street call a madman? The fanatic of Federal street in 1837. Whom, with unerring instinct, did that same herd of merchant princes hate, with instinctive certainty that, in order that their craft should be safe, they ought to hate him? The Apostle of Music Hall. That is enough.

When some Americans die—when most Americans die—their friends tire the public with excuses. They confess this spot, they explain that stain, they plead circumstances as the half justification of that mistake, and they beg of us to remember that nothing but good is to be spoken of the dead. We need no such mantle for that green grave under the sky of Florence. No excuses—no explanations—no spot. Priestly malice has scanned every inch of his garment;—it was seamless; they could find no stain. History, as in the case of every other of her beloved children, gathers into her bosom the arrows which malice had shot at him, and says to posterity, "Behold the title-deeds to your gratitude!" (Applause.) We ask no moment to excuse; there is nothing to explain. What the snarling journal thought reckless, what startled the selfish politician—it was God's seal set upon his apostleship. The little libel glanced across him like the rocket when it goes over the vault; it is passed, and the royal sun shines out as beneficent as ever (applause).

When I returned from New York on the twelfth day of this month, I was to have been honored by standing in his desk, but illness prevented my fulfilling the appointment. It was eleven o'clock in the morning. As he sank away the same week, under the fair sky of Italy, he said to the most loving of wives and of nurses, "Let me be buried where I fall"; and tenderly, thoughtfully she selected four o'clock of that same Sunday to mingle his dust with the kindred dust of brave, classic Italy.

Four o'clock! The same sun that looked upon the half-dozen mourners that he permitted to follow him to the grave, that same moment of brightness lighted up the arches of his own Temple, as one whom he loved stepped into his own desk, and, with remarkable coincidence, for the only time during his absence, opened one of his own sermons to supply my place; and as his friend read the Beatitudes over his grave on the banks of the Arno, his dearer friend here read from his own hand-writing the text, "HAVE FAITH IN GOD." It is said that in his last hours, in the wandering of that masterly brain, he murmured, "There are two Theodore Parkers; one rests here, dying, but the other lives, and is at work at home." How true! at that very moment he was speaking to his usual thousands; at that very instant his own words were sinking down into the hearts of those that loved him best, and bidding them, in this, the loneliest hour of their bereavement, "Have faith in God."

He always came to this platform. He is an old occupant of it. He never made an apology for coming to it. I remember many years ago, going home from the very hall which formerly occupied this place. He had sat where you sit, in the seats, looking up to us. It had been a stormy, hard gathering—a close fight: the press calumniating us; every journal in Boston ridiculing the idea which we were endeavoring to spread. As I passed down the stairs homeward, he put his arm within mine and said, "You shall never need to ask me again to share that platform" (applause). It was the instinct of his nature, true as the bravest heart. The spot for him was where the battle was hottest. He had come, as half the clergy come—a critic. He felt it was not his place; that it was to grapple with the tiger, and throttle him. And the pledge that he made he kept; for, whether here or in New York, as his reputation grew, when that lordly mammoth of the press, *The Tribune*, overgrown in its independence and strength, would not condescend to record a word that Mr. Garrison or I could utter, but bent low before the most thorough scholarship of New England, and was glad to win its way to the confidence of the West by being his mouth-piece—with that weapon of influence in his right hand, he always placed himself at our side and in the midst of us, in the capital State of the Empire (cheers).

You may not think this great praise—we do. Other men have brought us brave hearts, other men have brought us keen-sighted and vigilant instincts, but he brought us, as no one else could, the loftiest stature of New England culture (applause). He brought us a disciplined intellect, whose affirmation was evidence, and whose statement the most gifted student took long time before he ventured to doubt or to contradict. When we had nothing but our characters, nothing but our reputation for accuracy, for our weapons, the man who could give to the cause of the slave that weapon, was indeed one of its ablest and foremost champions.

Lord Bacon said in his will, "I leave my name and memory to foreign lands, and to my own countrymen, *after some time be passed.*" No more fitting words could be chosen, if the modesty of the friend who has just gone before us would have permitted him to adopt them for himself. To-day, even within twenty-four hours, I have seen symptoms of that repentance which Johnson describes:

"When nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust."

The men who held their garments aside, and desired to have no contact with Music Hall, are beginning to show symptoms that they will be glad, when the world doubts whether they have any life left, to say, "Did not Parker spring from our bosom?" Yes, he takes his place—his serene place—among those few to whom Americans point as proof that the national heart is still healthy and alive. Most of our statesmen, most of our politicians, go down into their graves, and we cover them up with apologies; we walk with reverent and filial love backward, and throw the mantle over their defects, and say, "Remember the temptation and the time!" Now and then one—now and then one—goes up silently, and yet not unannounced, like the stars at their coming, and takes his place, while all eyes follow him, and say, "Thank God! It is the promise and the herald! It is the nation alive at its heart. God has not left us without a witness, for his children have been among us, and one half have known them by love, and one half have known them by hate—equal attestations to the Divine life that has passed through our streets."

I wish I could say anything worthy; but he should have done for us, with those words that never failed to be fitting, with that heart which was always ready, with that eloquence which you never waited for and were disappointed—he should have done for us what we vainly try to do for him. Farewell, brave, strong friend and helper!

"Sleep in peace with kindred ashes,
Of the noble and the true;
Hands that never failed their country,
Heart that baseness never knew!"

(Prolonged applause.)

REMARKS OF WM. LLOYD GARRISON

Mr. GARRISON said he felt impelled to utter a few unpremeditated words in support of the resolutions offered by Mr. Phillips, respecting the removal of his beloved and endeared friend, THEODORE PARKER; and yet, when all hearts were full, almost to bursting, in view of this great bereavement, the most eloquent words seemed poor and common-place. Silence was more expressive than speech.

His estimate of Mr. Parker was an exalted one. He regarded him as one of the most remarkable men the world had ever seen—a prodigy as to his scholarly attainments, and his power to acquire knowledge in all its varied forms, which he dispensed with unbounded munificence for the enlightenment and elevation of his race. He felt very sad at Mr. P.'s departure, which he regarded as premature, the result of overtasking his bodily powers, though for the noblest ends. He thought his friend, Mr. Phillips, needed to be admonished, rather than stimulated to more protracted labors, by that light which he so often saw in Mr. Parker's study, at the sacrifice of needed rest. It was not an example to be imitated, for it was using up life too rapidly, in violation of physiological law. How often—even before he saw any sign of failing health on the part of Mr. Parker—had he warned him, with all earnestness, that, by such unremitted studies and labors, he was surely "treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath"! But Mr. P. was wont playfully, yet confidently, to refer to the longevity of his ancestors as full security in his own case. His (Mr. G.'s) reply was, "I do not doubt that your great-grandfather, and grandfather, and father, were amply endowed with brains; but they never used them as you are tasking yours; and you must be more careful, or the penalty will come." Nevertheless, if Mr. P. had fallen thus prematurely, it was a rich consolation to know that it was the result of earnest devotion to the cause of truth, freedom and humanity, and a very noble sacrifice indeed.

Mr. G. referred to the mental independence and moral courage which characterized Mr. Parker, in respect to all his convictions and acts. He was not, technically, "a Garrisonian Abolitionist," though often upon that platform, but voted with the Republican party, though faithfully rebuking it for its timidity and growing spirit of compromise. He was no man's man, and no man's follower, but acted for himself, bravely, conscientiously, and according to his best judgment.

But, what of his theology? Mr. G. did not know that he could state the whole of Mr. P.'s creed, but he remembered a part of it: There is one God and Father over all, absolute and immutable, whose love is infinite, and therefore inexhaustible, and whose tender mercies are over all the works of his hand; and whether in the body, or out of the body, the farthest wanderer from the fold might yet have hope. He believed in the continual progress and final redemption of the human race; that every child of God, however erring, would ultimately be brought back. "You may quarrel with that theology," said Mr. Garrison, "if you please; I shall not. I like it; I have great faith in it; I accept it. But this I say, in respect to mere abstract theological opinions—the longer I live, the less do I care about them (applause)—the less do I make them a test of character. It is nothing to me that any man calls himself a Methodist, or Baptist, or Unitarian, or Universalist. These sectarian shibboleths are easily taken upon the lip, especially when the "offence of the Cross" has ceased. Whoever will, with his theology, grind out the best grist for our common humanity, is the best theologian for me" (applause).

Many years ago, Thomas Jefferson uttered a sentiment which shocked our eminently *Christian* country as being thoroughly infidel: "I do not care," said he, "whether my neighbor believes in one God or in twenty gods, if he does not pick my pocket." Thus going to the root of absolute justice and morality, and obviously meaning this: If a man pick my pocket, it is in vain he tells me, in palliation of his crime, "I am a believer in one living and true God." That may be, but you are a pickpocket, nevertheless. Or he may say, "I have not only one God, but twenty gods; therefore, I am not guilty." Nay, but you are a thief! And so we always throw ourselves back upon character—upon the fact whether a man is honest, just, long-suffering, merciful; and not whether he believes in a denominational creed, or is a strict observer of rites and ceremonies. This was the religion of Theodore Parker—always exerting his marvellous powers to promote the common good, to bless those who needed a blessing, to seek and to save the lost, to bear testimony in favor of the right, in the face of an ungodly age, and against "a frowning world."

Mr. Garrison said they were there to honor his memory. How could they best show their estimation of him? By trying to be like him in nobility of soul, in moral heroism, in fidelity to the truth, in disinterested regard for the welfare of others.

Mr. Parker, though strong in his convictions, was no dogmatist, and assumed no robes of infallibility. No man was more docile in regard to being taught, even by the lowliest. Mr. Phillips had done him no more than justice when he said, that he was willing and eager to obtain instruction from any quarter. Hence, he was always inquiring of those with whom he came in contact, so that he might learn, if possible, something from them that might aid him in the great work in which he was engaged.

When the question of Woman's Rights first came up for discussion, like multitudes of others, Mr. Parker was inclined to treat it facetiously, and supposed it could be put aside with a smile. Still, it was his disposition to hear and to learn; and as soon as he began to investigate, and to see the grandeur and world-wide importance of the Woman's Rights movement, he gave to it his hearty support before the country and the world (applause).

How he will be missed by those noble but unfortunate exiles who come to Boston from the old world, from time to time, driven out by the edicts of European despotism! What a home was Theodore Parker's for them! How they have loved to gather around him in that home, and what a sympathizing friend, and trusty adviser, and generous assistant, in their times of sore distress, they have found in him! There are many such in Boston, and in various parts of our country, who have fled from foreign oppression, who will hear of his death with great sorrow of heart, and drop grateful tears to his memory.

Mr. President, our beloved friend and coadjutor has seen "the last of earth." We never shall behold his face again in the flesh. We shall never again hear the music of his voice, nor be inspired by his bodily presence. But is he dead? Are his great powers and faculties paralyzed? Is he now in inglorious rest? Or is he not, rather, more than ever before, alive, and beneficently at work? Is it a dream, a fiction of the brain, to believe that he really lives, and occupies a nobler and wider sphere, and that he will find a nobler and grander work to perform than he has been able to do here? I believe in immortal life—not as a matter of logic or of metaphysics, for it does not come within the scope of these—but I feel it in every fibre and nerve of my system, in every drop of my blood, in the very instincts, necessities and desires of my nature.

"The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point."

This thought, in view of any mortal bereavement, however great, fills the soul with complete satisfaction, and inspires it with a new life.

"God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What He hath given;
They live on earth, in thought and deed, as truly
As in His heaven."

Our departed friend has left with us, and with mankind, his great thoughts and noble deeds, and they are imperishable. They have touched and quickened millions of minds already, and shall enlighten and inspire millions yet unborn; and so, going down through the ages, they shall be a power to redeem mankind.

As for his reputation, so bitterly assailed and maliciously traduced while he lived, time will render it more and more illustrious. As for the stigmas cast upon him by narrow-minded bigots, and canting hypocrites, and craven time-servers, and cold-blooded conservatives, these are to give place to the plaudits of a discerning and an appreciating posterity. Thus it is that they who are willing to bear the cross are permitted, in God's good time, to wear the crown!

"For truth doth conquer at the last;
So round and round we run;
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done!"

SPEECH OF REV. J. FREEMAN CLARKE.

Rev. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE was the next speaker. He said:

When I was asked if I also would say something here, I felt as our friend Wendell Phillips felt, and as our friend Mr. Garrison also felt, that this was not a time in which we could speak words which should analyze or describe the character of the man whose loss was filling our hearts with a sense of inexpressible grief; but, having heard them speak, some thoughts have come to me which I would like to utter.

We all have a feeling that Theodore Parker was the ripe and precious fruit of our New England soil, of our New England stock, of our New England mind, of our New England institutions. A better specimen of a full-grown, manly and womanly New England mind, heart, and hand, has never ripened on these old gray rocks of Yankee land (applause). How was he great? There are three directions in which a man may be great, and he was great in all three. There is the direction of the intellect. There are great thinkers; there are men who make themselves into a thinking machine; there are men who make themselves into a studying machine—who fill themselves full of all thoughts and all knowledges, and stop there. THEODORE PARKER had all the power of study that any of the hardest and ripest German students, who live for nothing but study, have had; but he had a great deal more. When he came back from his first journey to Europe, talking with me of the men whom he had seen in Germany, he said he went to see old Baur at Tubingen, and asked him how many hours he studied. He replied, "Only eighteen hours"; but Baur was a student, and nothing but a student. Parker had studied his ten, twelve, and, for aught I know, his eighteen hours a day; but yet, all that was merely the beginning of what he was going to do with himself—merely the outside preparation for his after work. I remember meeting him on the cars in that fatal winter which laid the foundation of the disease which took him away. He had a carpet-bag with him, filled with German, Greek, and Latin books—those old books, in vellum, of the seventeenth century—volumes which it is a pain merely to look at, so hard reading do they seem to be. On Monday morning he filled his carpet-bag, and went to the place where he was to lecture Monday night; all day long he studied his books, and at night delivered his lecture. Then on Tuesday he would go to the next place, studying his books all day, and lecturing at night. So he would go on through the week, until Friday, when he would be back again to Boston, with his carpet-bag exhausted, with every one of those books gutted of its contents, with the whole substance of them in his brain, so that he knew all about every one of them, and could give a perfect analysis of them all, from beginning to end. On Saturday morning he would sit down to write his sermon for the next day; on Saturday afternoon go and visit the sick and bereaved of his society; on Sunday morning preach his sermon, and in the afternoon drive out to Watertown and preach there; and on Sunday evening he would lie on the sofa, and talk to his friends. That was his way of working. I got a letter, only yesterday, from William H. Channing, an old friend of his, who, speaking in the most tender and affectionate terms of his departure, said that he had, by over-working the intellectual part of his faculties, by too great fidelity in study, killed out, to some extent, another masterly faculty, which he had observed, but of which those who did not know him might be ignorant—namely, his gorgeous imagination. Mr. Channing said that he was a man who had, with all this logical power, with all those reflective faculties, with all those immense powers of grasp and reception—the powers by which he held on to and retained what he had learned, and the powers by which he brought them into one great system, in order to set them before men—with all this, he had the imagination of a poet, but did not let it work, he was so busy studying all the time.

Now, there were other students along with him when he was a boy, and I have known a great many students, but their way of studying was very different from his. When Parker studied, it was not merely with the concentration of certain faculties, for the sake of working out a certain problem, and there an end of it: or merely to gather together certain things and put them into his brain, and there an end of it. No; he had a great idea before him all the time, and his study was always instinct with the life of that idea, and every word he uttered was a living word, and all the thoughts that came from him came from him as fresh, glowing thoughts—full of love to God and love to man.

Not to dwell on that, I say he was great, very great, intellectually, because he was not a narrow intellectual worker, but because he worked with the great reasoning faculty, which goes up to God the Eternal, at the same time that he worked with all those other intellectual powers which gathered together what God has sown broadcast over the earth; and by which he matured them for ripe and present use. When I saw him, on his return from Europe the last time, he told me of a long conversation which he had with a scholar at Oxford, I think, or Cambridge, who had lived for nothing but to study Aristotle; that was his business in the world—to know all about Aristotle; and Parker said that he discussed with him, through a whole summer day, Aristotle. When they had exhausted that subject, Parker asked him if he knew anything about Plato. He said, "I have read Plato once"; and then Parker began upon Plato, and went through with every one of the Dialogues, and taught him all he did not know about Plato. That is but a little part of Parker's knowledge, of which not one in ten thousand ever heard; and it is a specimen of the quantity and kind of knowledge which he had packed away ready for use.

Now, with regard to the second thing which goes to make a man great. What was Parker's way of action? It was a grand way of action. His activity was as large, determined, persistent, complete and thorough, as his intellectual working was. What he did was on a plan reaching through years—on a plan arranged when he was a boy; the whole of his life mapped out before him, with all he meant to do each year previously arranged, and the reason for it fixed in his own mind; and then he went to his work and did it—lived to accomplish it. But what sort of work was it? Greatness in work considers the quality of the work, as well as the amount and the method of accomplishing it. What was the quality of his work? It was simply this: it was to lift man towards God. That was the work which Parker gave himself to do in the world. That was the work for which he gathered together all this knowledge, that the work for which he so trained his intellect to be acute, persistent and comprehensive. It was to raise man to God. With his eye on God, he turned to man to lift him up; and wherever he found a man who needed to be raised, or a class, a race, or a nation, that needed to be lifted up, there he felt his work to be. On that point I say no more, because it is the least necessary to speak of his work, since that is patent and known to all.

But there is one other element of greatness in man. Besides the head and the hand, there is the heart. What was the greatness of heart in Theodore Parker? His habit was, in speaking of the Almighty, not to call Him the Almighty. He spoke of the "Absolute Father," in his philosophy and in his theology; but when he came to speak of Him from the pulpit, as a Christian man speaking to Christian men, as a brother talking to brethren and sisters of what they needed, it was "Father" and "Mother"—"the Great Father and Mother of us all." The tender, feminine heart of Theodore Parker was not satisfied with the name of "Father" unless he united with it that of "Mother." So tender was he, so affectionate was he, that no one was ever near to Parker as a friend, as an intimate companion, without wondering how it was that men could ever think of him as hard, stern, severe, cold and domineering, because, in all the private relations of life, he was as docile as a child to the touch of love, and it was only necessary, if you had any fault to find with anything that he had said or done, to go to him and tell him just what your complaint was, or what your difficulty was, and just as likely as not he would at once admit, if there was the least reason in the complaint, that he was wrong. He was as ready to admit himself in the wrong as to maintain his stand for the everlasting right. Let me tell you a little anecdote in this connection. I recollect that, a year or two ago, I saw Parker at an evening party, where he was talking with a lady, and I went up to them and said, "May I hear what you are saying, as I happen to know you both so well?" He said, "Yes. I was telling this lady a little incident connected with my school-teaching, when I taught a school in Watertown. I did not often punish the boys, but I kept a ruler, and I had not determined *not* to punish them; but, on the other hand, if it was necessary, I meant to punish. One day there was a boy—a good boy he was, usually—who had done something wrong, as boys do, and I said to him, 'Don't do that again,'—and he did it again; and I said, 'Don't do that again, or I shall punish you,'—and he did it again; and I said, 'Stop after school.' The boy stopped after school, and I called him to me. He came up with his face a little pale and anxious, as though he was expecting punishment. I said to him, 'Why did you do that, Fred?' He said, 'I don't know, sir;' and as I looked at him, I saw the sweet face of his sister in his features, and it seemed to me that if I struck him, it would be like striking a girl, and I could not do it. So I said to him, 'Will you do that again, if I let you off this time?' He said, 'I will try not to, sir,' and he ran down the stairs. As I heard him running down, I said to myself, 'Did I do wrong in not punishing him, or did I do wrong in saying that I would punish him? Well,' said I, 'however that may be, this I know, I never can punish a boy after this, for if I do, I shall say to myself, the reason is, perhaps, that he has not got a pretty sister"; and, says Parker, "I never punished a boy after that; and, when I was on the School Committee, in the town of Roxbury (which then reached all the way out to Dedham), I got them to adopt a rule, that no child should ever be punished without the teacher's making a memorandum of the punishment, and of the 'ostensible reason.' '*Ostensible* reason?' said they, 'why don't you say the real reason?' 'Because,' said I, 'we can know what the ostensible reason is, but we cannot be sure what is the real reason. Perhaps the reason may be that the man was out late the night before, courting, and feels cross; or, perhaps, (I said to myself, not to them) the real reason may be, that the boy has not got a pretty sister'" (laughter).

When Theodore Parker was about going away, and I went to see him for the last time, he followed me to the door of his study, and, putting his hands on my shoulders, he kissed my cheek, and said, "James, if you and I never meet again in this world, we have the happiness of knowing that there never has been between us one word, or one feeling, or one action, of unkindness." In the Old World, you will see men who carry in their button-hole a red ribbon—the sign that they belong to the Legion of Honor. As long as I live, I shall carry (not apparent to others, but known to myself) the mark of that tender, fraternal kiss on my cheek. It is to me the sign of belonging to the Legion of Honor (applause).

I do not know how to describe—with what figure, borrowed from nature or art or history, to describe—how Parker seems to me, in all this varied and accumulated greatness of mind, of heart and of hand, better than by telling you the incidents of one day of my life. When I was passing out of Italy once, by the St. Gothard route, we were in Italy in the morning, on the Italian side of the mountains, surrounded by Italian voices, and by the music of Italian nightingales, and within sight of the opening vineyards. Then we began the ascent of the mountain, and, as we ascended, we passed through the valley of pines, until at last, on that fifteenth day of May, we came to the snow. Then we took the little sleds, and went on upon the snow, higher and higher, until we were surrounded with great fields of snow, dazzling white in the sun; and on one side we saw the fall of a terrible avalanche, with its roar of thunder. So we passed on, until we reached the summit of the mountain, and then, descending on the other side, we came at last to where again the snow ceased, and there, taking the diligence, we went on our way down the side of the mountain, through gorges and ravines, and glaciers even, the country around growing more and more green, changing from spring to summer, until at last, when we came down toward the Lake of Lucerne, we passed through orchards full of apple-blossoms, and finally crossed the beautiful lake to the town of Lucerne, there to receive a whole bundle of letters from home—from father, mother, brother, sister, and child—to end the day. When I think of that day's journey, beginning in Italy and ending in Germany, beginning under an Italian sun, at midday surrounded by snow-fields and glaciers, and at its close amid the apple-blossoms of Germany, it seems to me that that varied and wonderful day is a sort of type of the life of our friend THEODORE PARKER; its youth Italian—all fresh and gushing with ten thousand springs of early, boyish life and hope and animation, and with all the varied study and activity of the child and the youth; its early morning passed in the stern work of climbing up the mountain side; its midday, with God's everlasting sun over his head, and the great, broad fields all around, over which his eye looked; and all through its afternoon hours, passing on into an ever-increasing affluence of spring and summer, and ending at last in the sweet bosom of affection, gratitude and love (applause).

How shall we miss him! The days are to come when we shall know how we miss him. When that great hall stands closed and silent on the Lord's day—empty and silent, because there is no one here who has the commanding ability which can bring together those great multitudes Sunday after Sunday, month after month, and year after year, to be taught and fed—when great crises of the nation come, and pass unexamined, and not understood, because that great masterly power of analysis is taken from us—when great national crimes are repeated again and again, and not rebuked to the listening ear of the nation, because there is no great power of intellect and knowledge adequate to that work—then we shall remember and feel and mourn the loss of THEODORE PARKER.

The President, Rev. JOHN T. SARGENT, said a few words in reference to Mr. Parker's ministrations among the poor of the city, and the deep interest he felt in every effort for the relief of the

of such a country, until decent people there can get sufficiently the upper hand to mend the condition of things? And this "without prejudice," as Mr. Guppy says, to the private qualities of the representative; it is not the man, but what he represents, that is objected to. Suppose there were a messenger from the King of the Cannibal Islands. It would be quite proper that he should be treated with humanity. It should be remembered that he was born in a country whose chivalry was fed on human flesh, and where the luxury of all others was the muscle of a young woman, selected with the judgment of a statuary or of a carcass-butcher. A country, it may be, where the first of all rights was conceived to be the right of anthropophagy, and men appealed to the God of justice in defence of their natural inheritance of roast. No doubt allowances should be made for such an unfortunate domiciliation; but would it be proper that such a representative should sit at meat with the rose of the fair state, even though he deposed to having picked his teeth, and tasted no human calipash or calipee since he embarked on the salt seas? Or, to put the case more mildly, suppose he individually acknowledged his dislike to the practice—declared that for several years he had prohibited man's flesh at his own table, and though some of his women in weakly health might have allowed themselves the small bones of a little child's fingers, he had in the main avowed his dislike to it—would this, though it certainly would mollify the case, put him in the position of one who might be comfortably sitten down with at dinner, or with a good conscience be excepted from the apostolic precept, "with such an one no not to eat?" It is not the individual who is objected to, but those behind him—the bipeds who are at this moment dancing about their flesh-pots, and snuffing up the odors of humanity, as Jupiter did the offerings of the pious Ethiopians. There is not the least desire to give unnecessary pain to anybody; but men who "don't eat meat," at least of the flesh of the children of Adam, must not be too soft. The tents of iniquity are lengthening their cords and strengthening their stakes, to an extent that will move honest men to rise in *posse comitatis* to cut them down. Our fathers did not take it so easily, or we should not have been where we are. There are things that must be said; and, as before, if they are not said in one place, they must in another.

Commercial men are apt to look at the gainful side of things, and forget the long-drawn compensations a just Providence exacts. It was so when a stand was made on the commercial interests involved in the slave trade; and it was so when the same kind of stand was made on the indispensableness of slavery to the West India interest. It is likely there are maniacs still, who see destruction and sudden death hanging over them from both these operations of the dangerous sect, the Philanthropists. But maniacs do not finally rule the world, though they live long enough to do mischief. There is a steady process of making them over to strait waistcoats, with all the modern improvements in avoiding unnecessary harshness, before which the stoutest of them fall.

Yours very sincerely, T. PERRONET THOMPSON.

Eliot Vale, Blackheath, 22 March, 1860.

PRESENT POSITION OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

Rev. HIRAM MATTISON, corresponding editor of *The Northern Independent*, writing to that paper, says:

"The election of editors has been the great triumph of the anti-slavery party. Notwithstanding the settled purpose in certain quarters to defeat both Dr. Whedon and Dr. Wise, so weak and dispirited were their opponents, before the election came on, that the former was even elected by acclamation.

In the election of an editor for the New York *Advocate* it was different. The Border assured the Conference that they had no disposition to interfere with the election of editors of local papers (they have had enough of them in the election of Dr. Hibbard), but claimed that *The Christian Advocate and Journal* was *their* local paper, and that, therefore, the Church at large ought not to repudiate *their* nomination. This impious claim that *The Christian Advocate and Journal* is a local paper, belonging to the Border, was promptly repelled. The Border nominated Dr. Stevens as their man, and the anti slavery party nominated Dr. Edward Thomson, President of Ohio Wesleyan University, a splendid man, and a thorough going extirpationist—and he was elected by a vote of 142 to 73.

The elections for the Pittsburg and Central *Christian Advocates* were as great a triumph as that for the New York paper. Brs. Brooks and Baird were both Stevens men to the core, if not a little more so, and have both shown their zeal for the Lord by abusing us and *The Independent* incessantly for four years. In both cases, anti-slavery men were nominated against them, and went in over their heads by overwhelming majorities. Thus down went two more editorial abettors of slavery.

So far as we know, therefore, the most conservative editors in the Church (saying nothing of our new neighbor of *The N. C. Advocate*) are Dr. Clarke of *The Ladies' Repository*, and Br. Eddy of *The North Western Christian Advocate*. And even they claim to be among the progressives. There has, therefore, been an almost total revolution in this respect during the last four years.

As a simple *declaration of sentiment*, this (the new chapter) is tolerable; but as a means of purifying the Church from slavery, it will be next to useless. It will not drive a slaveholder off, nor will it put one out, or prevent one from coming in. Indeed, with its two-faced preamble, we cannot regard it as a whit better than the old chapter. That did forbid ministers and other officers to hold slaves, but this really forbids nothing. It simply "affectionately admonishes all our preachers and people to keep themselves pure" from what it has just declared to be "contrary to the laws of God and nature, and inconsistent with the Golden Rule"! What a tremendous letting down, then, in that last paragraph! As well affectionately admonish all our people to keep themselves pure of theft and adultery. How much better simply to have said, "Therefore, no slaveholder shall, under any circumstances, ever hereafter be admitted into the Methodist Episcopal Church." And even that would have been defective, in not providing for the expulsion of the ten thousand already in.

From The Christian Advocate and Journal.

CHARACTER OF THE NEW CHAPTER.

On Friday, Rev. F. A. Blades, of Detroit, offered the following substitute for the resolution pending when the Conference adjourned the day before:

"Whereas, during the pendency of the Chapter on Slavery, the following amendment was offered as explanatory of the chapter, 'Provided that the section is understood to be only advisory,'

"Resolved, That said amendment was rejected by this body because we regard the chapter in itself so clearly declarative and advisory as not to require any such explanation."

This important construction put upon the new chapter was carried by a vote of 171 against 6. Bishop Morris asked, after the vote, if this was the conclusion of the subject, and, when answered in the affirmative, he said: "God grant that it may be, world without end!" emphasizing it by a heavy stroke of the gavel.

Dr. Kingsley, Chairman of the Committee on Slavery, said in his speech on the report:

"You may show this to any unprejudiced man in the world, and he will not say it is statutory in the least, and not one man in the majority understands it so; and I beg of the brethren not to insist upon such a construction of it. If brethren are so anxious to avoid excitement, I beg of them not to go against our protest in this matter, and insist that this is something different from what its author intended it should be, and then be compelled to take back their own words afterward."

Dr. Durbin here rose and asked if he understood Dr. Kingsley to say that this proposed new chapter does not lay the foundation of any disciplinary action against any parties who are known to be slaveholders?

Dr. Kingsley replied that he understood this chapter to be just what it claims to be, a declaration of sentiment and an affectionate advice, but not to be statutory. It is meant to be the embodiment of our opinion thrown upon the consciences of our people.

As the New Rule on slavery has failed in the General Conference, the public pledge of the Baltimore Conference against a new term of membership on the subject is relieved of much embarrassment. Let us hope and pray for the unbroken unity of Methodism. The chapter is declared not to be mandatory, but advisory. It omits the specific interdictions heretofore in that part of the Discipline. Let us all stand firmly by our common flag.

BOLD ATTEMPT AT KIDNAPPING.—The boldest attempt to kidnap a free negro and carry him across the river for the purpose of selling him into servitude was made yesterday afternoon, at the river landing, but very fortunately the *ruse* of the miscreant who made the effort proved unsuccessful.

The name of the man is Jeremiah Johnson, and of the negro James Upson. Johnson met Upson at the landing, and asked him if he wished a situation on the river. Upson said that he did, and accompanied Johnson to the Walnut street ferry landing. Johnson then said that the ferry-boat was the craft that wished to engage a hand; but the negro, too wide awake to trust his valuable person upon the boat, demurred to going on board, at which Johnson seized him by the neck, and, pointing a revolver in his face, told him that if he made the slightest resistance or refused to board the boat, he would blow his brains out. This gentle admonition to the negro, who hesitated not a second between liberty and death, was, however, disregarded, and, shrieking at the top of his voice, he soon gathered about him a large crowd. Johnson affirmed to the crowd that the negro was a fugitive, and offered twenty dollars to any one who would help to place him on the ferry-boat and secure his transit across the river. The negro during all this was begging piteously to be rescued, and stated that he was not a fugitive, nor had he ever been a slave. At this juncture two gentlemen passed along the levee in a carriage, one of whom shouted to Johnson to let the negro go, whereupon Johnson called them d—d abolitionists, and afterwards added an opprobrious epithet that we refrain from mentioning. The gentleman to whom Johnson's words were especially directed immediately jumped from the carriage, and seizing the would-be kidnapper by the hair, pulled him to the ground and administered a beating from which Johnson will not speedily recover. Officers Colby, Chumley and Brockington here arrived, and releasing Johnson from the fury of the insulted gentleman, conveyed him to the Hammond street station-house. The negro Upson is well known in this city.

Against Johnson there seems to be the most positive case. He will be taken before the Police Court this morning for preliminary examination.—*Cincinnati Gazette, May 29.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1860.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

EXTRA STANDARD.—We publish this week, in the form of an *Extra*, the masterly Speech lately delivered in the U. S. Senate by Hon. CHARLES SUMNER. We forbear comment for lack of room.

GLANCE AT A NEW VINDICATION OF SLAVERY.

A ROBBER who resides and pursues his profession in the State of Georgia has been writing sixteen letters (signed "Georgia") to *The Journal of Commerce*, which he entitles, "Letters from an honest Slaveholder to an honest Abolitionist." The Editor of *The Journal of Commerce* vouches for this writer as "honest," and also as "intelligent," willingly prints the letters in successive numbers of his paper, and takes further pains to collect them in an extra sheet (May 11th) with special notice and commendation. The letters contain a vindication of slavery as right, and as conducive alike to the comfort and the welfare of both master and slave; and they also represent the position of Abolitionists as entirely erroneous and unjustifiable.

When a man is introduced to us as "an honest pickpocket," our first idea (after the astonishment naturally excited by such a strange misuse of language) is that the man *has been* a pickpocket, and, having become honest, is now about to restore his plunder to its rightful owners, and to help honest men to put a stop to this species of theft. If, however, we find that the object of the introduction is to bring to our notice a book, written by the "honest" pickpocket, vindicating his profession as well as himself, declaring his purpose still to pursue it, representing it as, on the whole, highly beneficial to all classes, and gravely alleging that the police are a far more dangerous class than the pickpockets—the natural impulse will be to look at once to our pockets, to take a hasty leave of the "honest" author and his endorser, and use special vigilance for ourselves and our friends when a crowd, or other accident, brings us into the vicinity of either. We have no thought, in such a case, of looking upon the assumption of "honesty" as any other than the extreme of impudent imposture. And when, as in the present case, the character of the endorser also is known to be very bad, no chance remains for even charity to attribute real honesty to the person in question.

The apex to the mountain-height of impudence reached in these letters is found in the closing paragraph of the last, which is as follows:

"But enough. I have passed my limits, and I bid you farewell. What I have said has been in kindness, in honesty, in love. I love my country and I desire its perpetuity. I have raised my voice to you. If you have complaints against me, write as freely, and I will read as calmly; and perhaps we may be better men and better citizens, by reason of our correspondence.

"Yours truly, GEORGIA."

"Write as freely," says he, "and I will read as calmly"! Where shall we write? And how shall what we write reach him? allowing, for the sake of argument, that the poorest of sheets of paper would not be wasted by such use. The "honest" Georgian robber knows while he writes this—the equally honest Editor of *The Journal of Commerce* knows when he prints it—that no reply would be admitted into the columns of that paper; and since we have no clue to the name or residence of the "honest" robber, we have no means of sending to him except through his favorite paper, which is fast sealed against truth on the subject of slavery. The impudence of challenging reply, under such circumstances, is a fit climax to the enormous impudence of presenting the statements of these letters as fact, and their sophistry as argument.

If *The Journal of Commerce* will change its accustomed policy so far as to admit replies to these letters by the writer of this article, we will write them, and also copy the letters, in full, in THE STANDARD. Meantime, that our readers may see the staple of that fabric which *The Journal* vouches for as a product of "honesty" and "intelligence," we will here give them an index to the contents of each letter, with comments of corresponding brevity.

No. I. "Georgia" makes affidavit of his own honesty (after a puff preliminary to the same effect by his editorial confederate), and, seeming really to expect to be taken at his own valuation, he offers to shake hands with an honest Abolitionist; explaining that by that term he means, not *all* anti-slavery men, but one "who would abolish slavery if he could do so, legally, and in a way not accompanied with too serious evils."

ANSWER. It takes two to shake hands.

No. II. He draws a picture of himself with his old slave nurse at the Communion-table, praying *together*, each for the other, to a common Lord and Master, and daily bowing around the same altar, and praying to the same God. He represents *this* to be that slavery for which dishonest Abolitionists are accustomed to call him "robber." He asks if we would have him turn the old creature out to starve; and incidentally boasts, as one of the blessings of slavery, that it has no "poor-houses."

ANSWER. Any help which the slaves need, and which the masters are disposed to give, can be given just as well after manumission as before it; and any plea of State laws against manumission as the reason, or a reason, for not giving it, is a piece of transparent hypocrisy, since the slaveholders, who made these laws, can annul them whenever they please, and since individual slaveholders who wish to do justice immediately can either transport their slave creditors, or give them free papers to transport themselves, to a free country immediately. As to the absence of poor-houses, this advantage is shared with Georgia and South Carolina by New Zealand and the Fiji Islands.

No. III. He draws a picture of the plumpness and merriment of slave children, then assumes the Abolitionist to suggest that they be freed and turned over to the Orphan Asylum, and then clenches his *argument* by boasting that in the South they have no Orphan Asylums.

ANSWER. In the fact last mentioned we have another curious resemblance to New Zealand and the Fiji Islands. As to the former point, the presentation of plumpness and merriment in slave children as a reply to the allegations against slavery is an evasion of the actual case, as absurd as for a teamster, against whom gross and habitual cruelty to his horses was proved, to allege in defence that very young colts were never required to draw heavy carts, nor cruelly beaten for not drawing them.

The plumpness and merriment of slave children (*as far as these conditions actually exist*) are very good things as far as they go. But they constitute but a very small part of the welfare to which all children are entitled, in a land claiming to be Christian. These two additional things, for instance, are indispensable elements in true welfare for the children in question: instruction in reading and writing; and removal from the corrupting society of slaveholders' children.

No. IV. He represents the work of his eleven slaves—who do no farm or plantation labor, and whose sole business is to attend, at home, to the wants of himself, his wife, and his three children—to be a fair specimen of the work of slaves "all over the South" (!).

He recommends to those who are seeking information about slavery to—"Read Miss Murray, or any other *honest* observer" (!).

He refers to the increase of slaves in the South as *proof* that they are well treated (!).

And he closes by saying—"the Southern slaves are the least worked and the best provided for—mere laborers—on the face of the earth" (!).

ANSWER. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! The absurdity of these lies takes precedence even of their infamy.

No. V. He declares that the slaves are contented, and love their masters; and offers the following *as proof* of it.

Without giving his name, or the town, or even county, of Georgia in which he lives, he gives this amazingly liberal invitation to the readers of *The Journal of Commerce*. "Come to my house. Consult with my negroes. And if you can persuade one by truthful arguments to go back to the free North with you, take him along." And he represents that there are thousands of slaveholders who would make the same offer.

Further *proof*. The slaves do not use their physical strength and (in some counties) great numerical superiority to overpower their masters; they do not poison their masters' families; the hundred thousand slaves living on the frontier line of freedom do not escape; and, *though the underground railroad runs to the door of every slave*, very few *are induced* to take passage (!).

ANSWER. *Non sequitur.*

No. VI. "God has made the negro without aspirations beyond personal comfort, and without sensibility beyond the feelings of the moment. . . . . Under present cruelty the negro will resist. Under momentary excitement the negro will run away. But he bears no malice, and therefore seeks no revenge; he has no real love of liberty, and hence, after a short enjoyment of freedom, so often desires to return to his master's home, and to the fetters which you and I would loathe forever. The secret of his contentment is found in his character."

ANSWER. We leave the robber to settle with God his accusation against God.

If the allegations of this letter were true, they would prove at least forty thousand cases of gross cruelty on the part of slaveholders, that being the number of fugitives who have fled from slavery to the cold comfort of Canada. But they are the reverse of truth. They are a mass of lies, grouped around the perversion of one truth, namely, that in the negro race the social, kindly and tender affections have a special and remarkable development.

In reply to these lies, we need only refer to the advertisements in Southern papers calling for the apprehension of fugitives (many of whom are to be identified by the marks of former cruelties), to the advertisements of those who live by keeping blood-hounds to hunt men and women, to those cases of cruelty (considerable in number, though of course few in comparison with the unreported ones) which are constantly overflowing into the Southern newspapers, to the laws of the slave code, collected in Judge Stroud's most valuable work, and to the volumes of Southern law Reports.

Let us glance at three cases of *real* evidence in regard to the "personal comfort" of the negro under slavery.

Judge Field of Virginia said (Souther vs. the Commonwealth of Virginia, 7 Grattan, 673)—

"It has been decided by this court in Turner's case, 5 Rand., that the owner of a slave, for the malicious, cruel and excessive beating of his own slave, cannot be indicted. It is the policy of the law, in respect to the relation of master and slave, and for the sake of securing proper subordination and obedience on the part of the slave, to protect the master from prosecution in all such cases [of punishment not resulting in death], even if the whipping and punishment be malicious, cruel and excessive."

Judge Ruffin of North Carolina said (State vs. Mann, 2 Devereaux's N. C. Reports, 263)—

"THE POWER OF THE MASTER MUST BE ABSOLUTE TO RENDER THE SUBMISSION OF THE SLAVE PERFECT. I most freely confess my sense of the harshness of this proposition. I feel it as deeply as any man can. AND, AS A PRINCIPLE OF MORAL RIGHT, EVERY PERSON IN HIS RETIREMENT MUST REPUDIATE IT. But, in the actual condition of things, it must be so. There is no remedy. This discipline is INHERENT IN THE RELATION OF MASTER AND SLAVE."

Judge O'Neal of South Carolina said (State vs. Maner, 2 Hill's Rep. 453)—

"The criminal offence of assault and battery cannot, at common law, be committed upon the person of a slave. For notwithstanding (for some purposes) a slave is regarded by law as a person, yet generally he is a mere chattel personal, and his right of personal protection belongs to his master, who can maintain an action of trespass for the battery of his slave. There can be, therefore, no offence against the State for a *mere beating of a slave unaccompanied with any circumstances of cruelty*, or an attempt to kill and murder. The peace of the State *is not thereby broken*; for a slave is not generally regarded as legally capable of being within the peace of the State. He is not a citizen, and is not in that character entitled to her protection."

Against this highest and most unimpeachable evidence, what avail the assertions of the nameless Georgian, whose character is already damaged by the endorsement of the Editor of *The Journal of Commerce?*

No. VII. He declares, "Southern slavery, so far from debasing negro character, has served to develop his intellect, far beyond any other influences ever brought to bear upon him."

ANSWER. It is false; or, more accurately speaking, it is a lie.

No. VIII. He affirms a manifest moral improvement of the negro under slavery, though "he is still deceitful, mendacious, thieving and lecherous."

ANSWER. As far as this means to assert an improvement wrought *by* slavery, and not happily obtained in spite of it, it is to be classed with the preceding proposition. But it is to be feared that slaves generally are really chargeable with the particular offences here alleged. How could it be otherwise? "Evil communications corrupt good manners." The negro race is peculiarly prone to imitation, and, while they live with slaveholders, will, of course, copy their prevailing vices. This is one strong reason for immediate emancipation.

No. IX. He asserts that liberty, though "God-given" to the white man, is not "God-given," nor rightfully due, to the negro.

ANSWER. This is the robber's natural argument, when he is also a liar; and he who robs is likely to lie.

No. X. "As to the use of the whip," the flogging of slaves—he first admits that it is true; then declares that the Abolitionists are to blame for it; then justifies it, quoting Solomon; then asserts it to be very rare, volunteering his own valuable experience, which in two-score years has not known of half-a-dozen cases; and winds up with the proposition (introduced as descriptive of slaveholders generally) that "where the affections are fine, there is no danger of cruelty."

ANSWER. A boy, being asked to lend his jack-knife, hastily replied—"I can't—I don't want to—I've lent it—I haven't got any."

No. XI. He affirms, in regard to the separation of slave families by sale, that "such cases of separation are very rare"; and that, when the removal or death of the owner of the wife threatens the separation of husband and wife, by "in nine out of ten cases, the owners allow the slaves to decide the question; and, in nine out of ten such cases, the slaves prefer to remain with their respective owners."

ANSWER. An overwhelming amount of testimony on the other side stamps these three allegations as utterly false.

No. XII. Speaking of the effects of slavery upon the privileged class (or, as he inaccurately says, "on the white man," as if many of the slaves were not white), "Georgia" tells us that "wealth is more equally distributed at the South than among any other prosperous people in the world."

He says, too, that—"The white man is elevated by the fact that the negro is a slave."

Further, he says, speaking of the poorest white laborer at the South—"He is met as an equal by the highest. He is invited to any fireside, and sits at any table without feeling condescension in his host, or the host feeling contamination in his guest."

ANSWER. If there were any chance of drawing our "honest" slaveholder out of his concealment, and inducing him to show his name and residence in connection with the above lies, we would ask of him the meaning of certain expressions which have been reported to us by natives of Georgia, and by travellers in it, as commonly current there.

"Georgia Crackers!"

"Poor whites!"

"Mean whites!"

How came such epithets to be in use? What do they mean? Whom do they designate?

We would by no means omit to mention that this letter (No. 12) closes with the utterance of a *truth!* (*rara avis* in the series to which it belongs) as follows: "the non-slaveholder at the South is the strongest friend of slavery."

There is reason to believe that the "Georgia Crackers"—"the poor whites"—the "mean whites"—are really sunk to this depth of corruption!

No. XIII. He declares—"Cotton is God's best physical gift to man. *Cotton is King.*"

ANSWER. We have nothing to say against cotton—unadulterated. But in its present enforced intermixture with slaves and slaveholders, we consider it neither satisfactory, desirable nor beneficial. We hope to live long enough to see the latter elements eliminated, and a *pure* cotton introduced into the market.

As to the brag of our "honest" letter-writer that "Cotton is King"—see Helper's "Impending Crisis of the South"! of which we are happy to announce that an enlarged edition, making the "one hundred and fortieth thousand," is just published, with a portrait of the author.

No. XIV. He represents that freedom drives the negro to mental derangement, and that slavery saves him from it. And he quotes, as proof, these items from the U. S. census.

"In Louisiana and South Carolina there is less than *one* [lunatic] in every two thousand" slaves.

"In Massachusetts, among the free negroes, there is one in every forty-three. And in Maine one in every fourteen. Account for this if you can!"

ANSWER. We account for it thus. First, these statements in the census are made by a slaveholder, one actively desirous of the continuance of slavery, and strongly pledged to its defence. And those who steal are to be expected to lie. Next, careful examination of the details of this very census (of 1840), made by a person every way competent to the task, Dr. Edward Jarvis of Dorchester, Massachusetts, and published by him in the *American Journal of the Medical Sciences* for January, 1844, shows that they are filled with enormous, atrocious and self-stultifying errors. Here is what Dr. Jarvis says respecting Massachusetts, referred to above:

"We found that the town of Worcester, in Massachusetts, is stated to contain one hundred and thirty-three colored lunatics and idiots, supported at public charge. These we know are the white patients in the Insane Hospital, situated in that town. This single mistake multiplies the colored lunatics of this State threefold; and if this were corrected, it would reduce the proportion of colored insane from one in forty-three to one in one hundred and twenty-nine."

But even this, though one of the largest cases of blunder or falsity, is by no means one of the worst. For not only does this census often represent the number of colored insane paupers in a Northern town as larger than the whole number of colored persons there, but it often represents colored *insane* persons as existing in a town which contained not a single colored person, of any sort whatever. Here are specimens of its statements respecting some towns in Massachusetts, together with Waterford, in Connecticut, and Stafford, in New Jersey.

Towns.	Total Colored Inhabitants.	Colored Insane.
Worcester	151	133
Plympton	2	4
Leominster	0	2
Wilmington	0	2
Waterford	2	7
Stafford	1	7

This is a specimen of the reliableness of slaveholders' statistics in support of slavery.

No. XV. "Georgia" thinks it to be shown by history, philosophy and experience, that negro slavery is an essential element to the perpetuity of a Republic; and he is sure, at any rate, that it tends to perpetuate that form of government.

ANSWER. We shall see.

No. XVI. He asks of the abolitionist that he will let slavery alone; that he will treat the slaveholder as a brother, or at least as an honest man; and that he will adhere to the terms of the contract—the Constitution of the United States.

ANSWER. He asks too much. The honest abolitionist will *not* let slavery alone; will *not* treat robbers like honest men; and will not adhere to a contract which, however veiled in innocent-looking language, proves to be a combination of A. with B. to rob C.

Such is the sketch of an appropriate reply to "Georgia's" sixteen letters.

THADDEUS HYATT.

THIS estimable gentlemen has, by the imperious command of the United States Senate, without authority of law on the part of that "august" body, and without even the suspicion of crime on his own part, been immured for months in the common jail at Washington, among vermin, vagrants and vagabonds, thieves and cut-throats—a habitation which Senator Sumner describes as no better than a "human sty." With a view to bringing the subject before the country, and procuring a thorough investigation into the assumed power of the Senate over the liberty of the unoffending citizen, Mr. Hyatt has issued the following card:

TIME EXTENDED.

The $100 and $200 Prizes!!

In consequence of the limited notice through the press of the above offer, I am now taking measures to thoroughly ADVERTISE the same, and of consequence extend the time, which is hereby extended to the 10th day of August, 1860.

The following distinguished gentlemen have accepted the duty of making the awards:

John Jay, Esq., Hiram Barney, Esq., and Edgar Ketchum, Esq., of New York; the Hon. S. E. Sewall, John A. Andrew, Esq., and the Rev. John Pierpont, of Massachusetts.

My offer is $100 for the best POPULAR ESSAY, and $200 for the best LEGAL ESSAY on the following questions, viz.:

I. In what, if any, cases, does the Constitution permit the Senate of the United States to coerce witnesses for information to merely aid legislation?

II. In what, if any, cases, does the Constitution permit the Senate of the United States to seize and force witnesses from their States to merely aid legislation?

III. In what, if any, cases, does the Constitution permit the Senate of the United States to investigate alleged crime to merely aid legislation?

Essays not to exceed 40 pages octavo, long primer.

The POPULAR ESSAYS to be sent to the Hon. S. E. SEWALL, No. 46 Washington st., Boston. The LEGAL ESSAYS to EDGAR KETCHUM, Esq., No. 79 Nassau st., New York.

Each Essay to be submitted with a *motto* attached. The name and address of the writer to be in a sealed envelope, bearing the motto of the Essay.

Washington Jail, June 5, 1860. THADDEUS HYATT.

This is well. We trust the subject will command the most searching investigation. If the Senate has the power to go smelling about the country after every person who happens to have a free thought of his own, and to punish with imprisonment all who manfully refuse obedience to its usurped power, why may it not inflict severer punishment? Why has it not the same power to take off Mr. Hyatt's head that it has to take away his liberty, since it constitutes itself the sole judge of the extent of its power in such cases?

We understand that Mr. Mason, the Chairman of the Harper's Ferry Investigating Committee, will soon report to the Senate in favor of dismissing Mr. Hyatt; but this must not be taken as an indication of repentance on the part of the Senate. The fact is that Mr. Hyatt has become a troublesome prisoner. Ever as watchful for the rights of others, however lowly, as for the protection of his own liberty, he has employed some portion of his forced leisure in examining into the management of the American Bastile, and in studying the laws of Congress relating to the District of Columbia. This investigation has resulted in the discovery that the jail is being used as a Slave Pen, in violation of one of the famous Compromise measures of 1850, which forbids the infamous Slave Traffic within the District; also, that free colored men are frequently thrust into prison without color of law, and compelled to pay largely, in the form of pretended legal fees, for obtaining their liberty. Mr. Hyatt has interfered in behalf of three or four of these unfortunates, and obtained their discharge, the authorities of the prison not daring to let the cases go before the Courts. This employment of Mr. Hyatt interferes essentially both with the perquisites of the Marshal and the profits of the slave-traders. Hence they have petitioned Mr. Mason to send the troublesome "fanatic" home, and hence the disposition of the Senate to unbar the prison doors of Mr. Thaddeus Hyatt.

MRS. BROWNING'S "CURSE FOR A NATION."

MISTAKES CORRECTED.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SIR: This paper seems the proper place for the correction of certain English mistakes which I am especially bound to rectify; for, previous to any thought of a European Congress on Italian affairs, Mrs. Browning's powerfully benign exposition of the Curse of American Slavery was written at my request, and twice republished in THE STANDARD.

She wrote that noble poem to be placed "before Congress" here in America, in the year 1854. It was first published in *The Liberty Bell*, at the close of the year 1855. It was thence copied with admiring expressions by American journals of wide circulation, and scattered broadcast by the American Anti-Slavery Society, and all those friends of freedom for the promotion of whose cause it was written; and every one of them, on this side of the Atlantic, gratefully felt it to be a benediction to America.

Probably the mistake of *The London Athenæum* and *Blackwood's Magazine* in supposing this blessing for the United States before the American Congress to be a curse on England before the European Congress has proceeded from not having read beyond the title—"A CURSE FOR A NATION"—on account of the necessity of being ready with hasty comment for the next number. But whether unread or misunderstood, may I ask you, in the interests of the anti-slavery cause, to warn incompetent criticism from trifling with this sublime interdict against slavery by once more publishing "THE CURSE FOR A NATION," and sending copies of the number in which, with this statement of dates, it shall appear to *The London Athenæum* and to *Blackwood's Magazine?*

I am, &c., MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

A CURSE FOR A NATION.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Prologue.

I heard an angel speak last night,
And he said, "Write!
Write a Nation's curse for me,
And send it over the Western Sea."

I faltered, taking up the word—
"Not so, my lord!
If curses must be, choose another
To send thy curse against my brother.

"For I am bound by gratitude,
In love and blood,
To brothers of mine across the sea,
Who have stretched out kindly hands to me."

"Therefore," the voice said, "shalt thou write
My curse to-night!
From the summits of love a curse is driven,
As lightning from the tops of heaven."

"Not so!" I answered. "Evermore
My heart is sore
For my own land's sins! for the little feet
Of children bleeding along the street;

"For perked-up honors, that gainsay
The right of way!
For almsgiving through a door that is
Not open enough for two friends to kiss;

"For an oligarchic parliament,
And classes rent.
What curse to another land assign,
When heavy-souled for the sins of mine?"

"Therefore," the voice said, "shalt thou write
My curse to-night!
Because thou hast strength to see and hate
An ill thing done within thy gate."

"Not so!" I answered once again—
"To curse, choose men;
For I, a woman, have only known
How the heart melts and the tears run down."

"Therefore," the voice said, "shalt thou write
My curse to-night!
There are women who weep and curse, I say
(And no one marvels), night and day.

"And thou shalt take their part to-night—
Weep and write!
A curse from the depths of womanhood
Is very salt, and bitter, and good."

So thus I wrote, and mourned indeed,
What all may read;
And thus, as was enjoined on me,
I send it over the Western Sea.

THE CURSE.

I.

Because ye have broken your own chain
With the strain
Of brave men climbing a Nation's height,
Yet thence bear down with chain and thong
On the souls of others—for this wrong
This is the curse—write!

Because yourselves are standing straight
In the State
Of Freedom's foremost acolyte,
Yet keep calm footing all the time
On writhing bond-slaves—for this crime
This is the curse—write!

Because ye prosper in God's name,
With a claim
To honor in the whole world's sight,
Yet do the fiend's work perfectly
On babes and women—for this lie
This is the curse—write!

II.

Ye shall watch while kings conspire
Round the people's smouldering fire,
And, warm for your part,
Shall never dare—O shame!—
To utter the thought into flame
Which burns at your heart.
This is the curse—write!

Ye shall watch while Nations strive
With the bloodhounds—die or survive—
Drop faint from their jaws,
Or throttle them backward to death,
And only under your breath
Shall ye bless the cause.
This is the curse—write!

Ye shall watch while strong men draw
The nets of feudal law
To strangle the weak;
Ye shall count the sin for a sin,
But your soul shall be sadder within
Than the word which ye speak.
This is the curse—write!

Ye shall watch while rich men dine,
And poor men hunger and pine
For one crust in seven,
But shall quail from the signs which present
God's judgment as imminent
To make it all even.
This is the curse—write!

When good men are praying erect
That Christ may avenge his elect,
And deliver the earth,
The prayer in your ears, said low,
Shall sound like the tramp of a foe
That's driving you forth.
This is the curse—write!

When wise men give you their praise,
They shall pause in the heat of the phrase,
And sicken afar;
When ye boast your own charters keep true,
Ye shall blush!—for the thing which ye do
Derides what ye are.
This is the curse—write!

When fools write taunts on your gate,
Your scorn ye shall somewhat abate
As ye look o'er the wall;
For your conscience, tradition and name
Strike back with a deadlier blame
Than the worst of them all.
This is the curse—write!

Go! While ill deeds shall be done,
Plant on your flag in the sun
Beside the ill-doers;
And shrink from clenching the curse
Of the witnessing Universe,
With a curse of yours!
This is the curse—write!

Florence (Italy).

DENUNCIATION:

ITS ORIGIN, OBLIGATIONS, ADMINISTRATORS, USES, APPLICATION, MISINTERPRETERS.

No doubt its origin is divine; no doubt it is, in certain cases, of paramount, because of indispensable, importance; no doubt it is eminently Godlike and Christian, as well as heroic, prophetic, philanthropic, and poetic, when ably used against colossal, unyielding wrong. No need to prove what all Scripture and all history exemplifies and commands.

"Ye that love the Lord, *hate evil!*"

"Then began He to upbraid them because they repented not."

"Teste David cum Sybilla."

With every Apocalyptic prophet and Dantesque, Miltonic poet in the conflict with wrong, since first the human heart began to beat.

No doubt exists—only a difficulty; the difficulty of finding persons fit and willing to wield so dangerous a weapon; the most dangerous to the hand best qualified; as any one may know for the pains of looking, who beholds all the great poets, preachers and prophets of the past assailed by ignorance and malice,

"Still quivering with the dart they drave."

No wonder they have so often shrunk from the exercise of their immortal gift, saying, Who am I, and what is my house, that I should undertake a duty so regal and so priestly?

Thus the prophetic exposure and denunciation of evil may be choked in the utterance by personal partialities. Or it may be smothered by gifts. Or it may be checked by something in the prophet's own position or character, as contrary to his habits, constitution, relationships. Or he may dread lest, so speaking, he condemn himself or his own land or kindred. Or he may dread lest a steadfast look upon the true deformity of wrong, with corresponding effort to right it, should be thought by its advocates unkind. Or he may, in a general way, shrink from contemporaneous remark.

These are the temptations that every great soul resists, when, placed in face of some giant sin, it finds itself constrained, by an inward sense of fitness diviner than either prudence or indignation, to pour publicly forth, with whatever reluctant sorrow, its utterance against evil-doing.

These temptations especially assail the opponents of some great Barbaric institution of the past, that bars the improvement and progress of the future; and the world owes a debt of gratitude to all who overcome them. Especially does Christendom owe that debt to those whose faithfulness in dealing with American slavery has saved Christendom from the reproach of being worse than infidel. May it save American slaveholders by awakening them to repentance—for terrible are the consequences of *such* an unrepented sin!

I.

Because they have, in the name of Freedom, separated their destinies from those of progressive Britain, while, at the same time, they deny freedom to others;

Because they are ever thrusting themselves foremost as servitors of Liberty, while steadily treading down their slaves;

Because they make the highest claims to be Christians and men of honor while selling beautiful young women and children away from their parents and husbands;

Because of this double-dealing, the inevitable consequences of its falsehood must come upon them as a curse.

II.

They shall behold the kings of Europe conspiring against the Liberties of the people with profound indignation; but, ashamed of their own slaveholding, shall be afraid to utter the sympathy they feel.

They shall witness the dreadful conflict between despots and people, and though their hearts are moved on the people's side, they shall not dare to cry, "God defend the right!"

They shall behold the legalized oppressions under which the weak in Europe suffer at the hands of the strong, with an inward sadness, for which they shall not dare to find relief in expression.

They shall witness the starvation of the poor from the wrong-doing of the rich, and be overwhelmed with fear at any signs of a change for the better.

They shall not dare to pray for the REDEEMER'S coming; for such a prayer, from such men, is a call for vengeance upon themselves as slaveholders.

When the wise would fain praise them, the sight of their slaves interrupts the eulogy. They shall blush when they boast of their fidelity to their charters; for what so ridiculous as a slaveholder's oath to freedom?

They cannot have the consolation of an honest indignation when insulted; for their consciences, their history and their lineage are all on the side of him who casts the stigma.

By being slaveholders, they are obliged to take their place with all other evil-doers; and when the whole universe curses the wrong, they alone are afraid to join the universal denunciation.

The above is commended as a "Readie-made-easy" to them that are entrusted with the critical notices of *Blackwood's Magazine* and *The London Athenæum*, when next they essay any observations upon a thing so much beyond their grasp, in its poetry, its grandeur and its benignity, as ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING'S "*Curse for a Nation.*"

As there were those in the days of Dante (*he* has characterized them,

"——— genti dolorose
Ch' hanno perduto il ben dello 'ntelletto,"

by their indifference to the great questions of their time) who had lost the qualification for knowing blessing from cursing and poetry from Billingsgate—as there were men in the days of Milton to call him by any ill name that would sound pleasantly in

attempts of mankind to embody these ideas. He was followed by Jos. A. Dugdale, in a most interesting and affecting narration of incidents connected with his recent visits to the Ohio and the Pennsylvania Penal Institutions, and the power of kindness and love as an agency in governing prisons.

The immense concourse drawn together was a very gratifying evidence of the increasing facilities for imparting liberal truth to the multitude. At this meeting were representatives of progressive ideas from different parts of Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, New England and the Great West.

These and all similar assemblies, where Reformers from different parts of the country may meet and become acquainted, have a free and friendly social interchange, compare views, and enjoy together the feast of reason, cannot be over-estimated in their importance.

Friends are somewhat distinguished for a devotional character, and their meetings are characterized by a deeply-religious spirit, but happily unaccompanied by hypocritical cant or dogmatic intolerance. We think we have never observed at Philanthropic Conventions greater resoluteness, heartiness and spirit, with no less charity and temperateness, than was manifested at this yearly meeting. Of the testimonies presented and adopted, we hope to speak hereafter.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCLXX.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent vindicateth his Roman Numerals against the printers—He telleth of the political events of Boston—and maketh the election of Bell and Everett sure—He alludeth to the New England Convention—And complimenteth the Editor—His own political prospects—Brief notice of Mr. Parker's death &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, June 11, 1860.

WHAT have I done that your types should rob me of the credit of two of my letters? Though I may be able to stand the loss, do you suppose foreign countries and future ages can? Consider the confusion into which this typographic aberration may cast the *virtuosi* of the time to come. Finding one of my epistles numbered CCLXVIII and the next CCLXVII, it might well addle the head of a commentator—generally rather muddled to begin with,—or he would not have taken to the trade—to account for the discrepancy. Besides, it might give rise to wild expectations of finding a letter which had unaccountably slipped out of the series. Nothing but its unapproachable superiority over all other collections of the kind might save posterity from the desperate forgeries of some Ireland or Macpherson yet unborn. However, having thus enforced the necessity of greater carefulness in future, I will merely request your readers who preserve my letters—a class which includes all of the highest order of intelligence—to correct the numeration of my letter in your issue of June 2d, and make it CCLXIX instead of CCLXVII. Then this one will come justly in its due place as the two hundred and seventieth in the immortal line. Two hundred and seventy! It makes me feel tired to think of the immense amount of mental labor that must have been concentrated upon it. Had they not been distributed over a space of twelve or fifteen years, no brain could have stood the strain necessary to produce them.

The last fortnight has not been unfruitful of events of sundry hues. In the first place, we have settled the question of the next Presidency and killed off Old Abe as dead as Seward and Douglas, or Buchanan. We have put all that matter at rest in Faneuil Hall, week before last. It is Bell and Everett that are to predominate over our national destinies from and after the Fourth of March next ensuing. It is a sure thing; and by way of putting it beyond all doubt, we mounted a Bell on wheels and went sounding it through the streets, and we are having one cast on purpose to ensure the successful issue of our campaign. Then we had the grandson of Patrick Henry, who told us that, though he would personally abstain from dissolving the Union in case the Republican party should prevail, yet he couldn't hold back the other fellows who would up and do it, even if they left their coat-tails in his restraining hands. This was directly in the teeth of the statements of Messrs. Hillard, Saltonstall, and others, at the original Convention here, of which I gave you an account two months ago, who disclaimed any such ground of action as Union-saving, and cried mercy of all funpokers, not to put them into that most ridiculous of predicaments. I think Mr. Henry entirely right. We cannot elect Bell and Everett on any other basis than that it is the alternative of the Union going to everlasting smash. I fully admit the absurdity of the notion of the slaveholders dismissing their Janizaries merely because of their electing a particular captain, who professes thorough loyalty in all essential points of duty: but then there must be some pretence for the movement to go upon, and this is all there is. So we must frighten ourselves with this pumpkin-head with a farthing-candle inside or we shall be nowhere.

This, however, is impossible. It is a settled thing that Bell and Everett are to be elected by a vote not much short of that of General Pierce in the nation, and in this State by a majority at least equal to that of Gov. Gardner when the Know-Nothings dark-lanterned him into office. I gave you a brief lecture in my last letter on the Natural History of the Boston Whig. This interesting variety of the species has fully justified all that I then said of them. It is on their assurance that I build my confident hopes of the success of the Bell-everett ticket. Mr. Hillard was another of the speakers, who made some very good fun of the Republican catchwords, such as Old Abe and the Rail-splitting. I was chiefly shocked, however, at hearing him quote old Dr. Radcliffe's receipt for the dressing and treatment of cucumbers after they were dressed, and refer it to Vivian Grey. It may be quoted in Vivian Grey, and very likely is, but so good an English scholar as Mr. Hillard should have remembered old Peachum's song in the Beggar's Opera, beginning

"Our Polly is a sad slut
Nor heeds what we have taught her,
I wonder any man alive
Would ever rear a daughter,"

and ending, after lamenting the pains taken to dress her, with the statement that then

"As men should serve a cucumber,
She throws herself away!"

The meeting was a very full one, and broke up in the most blissful certainty of carrying the whole country next November. The Douglas Democrats had a very full meeting last week in the same place, which was quite as full and quite as enthusiastically sure of success. These patriotic persons here consist of that division of our "conveniently small" Democratic party who happen not to be in office, but who have no insuperable principle against putting themselves in that post of danger. The office-holders, warned by dropping heads, are now too wise to make any sign, lest they should die in the making. This conflict is one, like that between the serpent and the toad or the husband and the bear, which a well-balanced mind regards with all the equanimity of the gods of Epicurus.

The conduct of the Republicans towards Mr. Sumner's admirable speech is not one of the least observable signs of *their* times. It was "ill-timed" and injudicious, forsooth! And that because the slaveholders may, peradventure, make it the pretence of voting against the admission of Kansas. As if the slave-masters were ever moved by anything men or angels could say from the line of their deliberate policy! Whoever else may give up the substance for the shadow at the bidding of their passions, they never do. If they have fully made up their minds that it is better for their interest to keep Kansas out, it is possible they may make Mr. Sumner's speech the stalking-horse from behind which they may aim at her life. But it would be a mere pretence, and the same thing would have been done if he had never opened his lips. If, on the other hand, they think that this would be giving the Republicans the very cry they need in order to elect Lincoln, and that they had better toss this tub to the Western whale, they will do it, though Mr. Sumner should make a speech ten times worse every day for the rest of the session. The real objection they have to it lies in its substantial anti-slavery merits, and in the hold it will give their enemies to make them out worse (or better) than they are. It is strange that they cannot see that such a speech as this, and that of Mr. Adams, is precisely the kind of help they need for their own purposes. They cannot succeed except by making the mass of the voters believe that they are voting against slavery; and they are in great danger of weakening their anti-slavery centre, on which they must depend, in their attempts to curry favor with the ragged edges of their pro-slavery wings. Plain-men, who vote the Republican ticket because they think they are doing something themselves against slavery, will be very apt to say of Douglas and Lincoln, as was said of the famous twins, "They are so alike that you can't tell t'other from which—*'specially Abe!*"

The New England Convention has come and gone since my last. I do not believe that I could give a better *résumé* of it than you had in your leader of last week. It was so obviously written by an eye-witness that I infer you must have been here, though I did not see you. It was clearly from the same able pen that wrote the account of the Annual Meeting at New York. It was an unusually successful gathering, as your readers will infer for themselves if they apply themselves diligently to the perusal of the Proceedings and Speeches which you have laid before them. Our worthy friend, Mr. Koster, inaugurated his new party the day before the Convention met. Of his probable success, it is not for me to prophesy, inasmuch as he promised me the Secretaryship of State, in open meeting, as soon as he comes into power. I will only say that I think his chance is better than that of Mr. Bell, and that I shall therefore hold myself uncommitted to the Old Gentlemen's party for the present. I should judge, however, from some passages in Mr. Sumner's speech that he is not very far from that kingdom; but I call upon all persons present at the Convention that the Premiership was distinctly offered to me. I shall certainly take no lower seat in that synagogue. None of your paltry Vice-Presidencies for me. I am not to be *Everetted* in that way, I can tell you!

All this scarcely leaves me in the vein of fitly speaking of the event which will mark this Convention in the minds of all who attended it, as long as they live. It is the third New England Convention on which the shadow of death has fallen. Loring, Hovey, and now Parker, have impressed on three succeeding meetings the scar of private and public grief. The news of the death of Mr. Parker was fully expected by the steamer which brought it, but no certainty of expectation can blunt the edge of such a blow. It has cut many hearts to the quick that knew and loved the Man, and has profoundly grieved much greater multitudes who admired and followed the Teacher. He should have died hereafter. Even if he had done no more work than he has now done, and he had spread it over thirty years more, his life, his presence, his speech and his example would have doubled it all. But he would have done much more. But it is too late to mourn for what might have been. What was said at the Convention, and which you have printed, and what will be said next Sunday, by Messrs. Emerson and Phillips, will include everything of due praise that his fame demands. To them I willingly leave the task.

D. Y.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, June 12, 1860.

A FEW days since, a citizen of Virginia, who carries the mail from Washington down into Fairfax County, Va., and who is also an express man, left this city with his usual load of mail bags and express bundles. Under the cushion of his wagon a couple of *Weekly Tribunes* were placed, one for himself and the other for a neighbor, both taking the paper regularly. Among the express parcels there was one, directed to some gentleman upon his route, containing three copies of the Helper book. No sooner had the mail carrier crossed the Long Bridge across the Potomac than he was instantly arrested by a Virginian officer, his *Tribunes* and Helper's books eagerly clutched, and he was thrown into the jail of Alexandria on the charge of circulating incendiary documents! He remained in jail until he was bailed out in the sum of $2,000 by a neighbor. The man's name is John Brown, and he was a delegate from Virginia to the Chicago Convention, which undoubtedly accounts for this persecution. The arrest is said to have been planned by men in high position in Washington, whose names I might call, were it necessary. It is but another fact in the awful record against slavery which its defenders are making up. Mr. Brown is a non-slaveholder, and any liberty exercised by this class in the slave States is instantly rebuked. In a very able speech made in the House recently by Gen. Ashley, of Ohio (you will remember him as the man who, avowing himself a Republican, drove a carriage from Harper's Ferry to Charlestown, and witnessed the execution of Brown, amid threats of assassination), he dwelt somewhat at length upon the non-slaveholders of the South. After quoting a passage from Pryor on this subject, Mr. Ashley said:

"Here, sir, is disclosed the real point of danger to the ruling class of the South—the fear of a rebellion on the part of those whom they now claim as loyal subjects. A rebellion, sir. Can a people, from whom all political authority emanates in a republic be classed as rebels for desiring to change, in a peaceful and constitutional manner, their law-makers? If not, from whose rule is it feared they will rebel? Their own rule? No, sir; but a 'rebellion against the slaveholders,' says Mr. Pryor. This is the fear, this the danger, the bare contemplation of which makes all slavedom mad. This is the power before which they tremble; and well they may, for, despite their sedition laws and prisons and mobs, the time is coming when God's truth cannot longer be shut out from the minds and hearts of the non-slaveholders and poor whites: and when that time comes, their power shall again be felt, and their voices again be heard in these Halls in defence of liberty, where now are only heard the voices of the representatives of a class interest defending and justifying slavery.

"Sir, I look upon the loyalty of the slaves as a suspicious kind of loyalty, where it is necessary, not only to keep them in ignorance, but subject to the most rigorous laws and inhuman physical punishments, in order safely to keep them in any kind of subjection. And I think the loyalty of the poor white man equally uncertain, when there is no safety or security that he will not combine against you, unless you shut out from his mind and conscience all arguments in favor of justice, and all appeals to his humanity. With this kind of censorship, with this kind of domination, with this kind of despotism, are the slaves and the poor whites of the South alike made loyal. The poor whites of Poland and Hungary are also called loyal by the Emperor of Austria. The poor whites of France are called loyal by the usurper of the 2d of December. The poor whites of the South are called loyal because of their obedience to the mandates of the ruling class, and they may be, and I believe they are, to-day more loyal than the poor whites of the European despotisms to which I have referred. They hug the chains that drag them down, and volunteer with alacrity to sacrifice their lives at the bidding of this privileged class. The slave interest intend to keep them loyal; and in order to be doubly sure that they shall remain so, their school books, for what few schools they have, their literature, their political journals, their so-called religious periodicals and Christian teachers, are permitted to talk and preach and pray—if at all about slavery—only in favor of its divinity and its blessing within the hearing of the slaves and poor whites alike. This is the kind of loyalty that can only be found in despotisms; the kind of loyalty which you exact of your Northern allies. It is the kind of loyalty, let me assure you, which cannot flourish in the free States; and I do not believe it can endure many years in the slave States."

This was touching the ulcer with a rough hand, but it was deserved.

While I am quoting from this bold, brave speech, let me give you another extract, which makes one's blood stir quickly, and which might have been made in an anti-slavery meeting instead of the House of Representatives:

"Let no friend of our cause be discouraged here or elsewhere; for action and reaction are reciprocal in the moral as in the natural world. It cannot be that one class of mankind shall forever exercise the same dominion over another class of their fellow-men that they do over the brute creation. The nation or community which is guilty cannot escape without encountering the retribution which the ways of an all-wise Providence have ordained, and which will inevitably come upon the wrong-doer. 'God is not mocked; and His judgments will not sleep forever'; and so sure as justice is the foundation of His government, so surely shall there come an end to oppression and to slavery. I will keep this faith or none. For, however strong and apparently all-powerful the oppressor may be to-day, we should remember that there is a Power above all human power, which proposes and disposes among the inhabitants of the earth as seemeth to Him best; and to Him the oppressed may ever look for succor; for as, in His greatness and excellence, He overthrew the hosts of Pharoah of old, who rose up against the children of Israel, and with the blast of His nostrils blew the waters together, so that the floods stood upright as a heap, and the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea until the fugitives passed over on dry land, and then sent forth His wrath upon the face of the deep, so that the waters returned again upto their places, and the sea covered the slaveholders who were pursuing them, and horse and chariot and rider sunk as lead in the mighty waters, so will He to-day, as in the past, avenge the wrongs done the least and weakest of His children, and bring destruction as a whirlwind upon the wrong-doer.

"Thus hath it ever been, and thus shall it ever be. The nation or people who do not rule in righteousness 'shall perish from the earth.' All history proclaims that this is a decree as enduring as time and as unchangeable as its Author. When the time for the exodus of this oppressed and wronged race shall have come, as in the providence of God it surely will come, then neither the power of your heretofore invincible army, your Congressional slave codes and Fugitive Slave bills, your system of terrorism and mob laws, or the pretended adjudications of your *'august tribunal,'* will avail you in that hour; but the weakest slave mother, with her simple and sublime faith uplifted in prayer to the Great Supreme, may call down against you, as did the bondmen of Egypt, a Power in whose presence your squadrons shall be consumed as stubble, and from before whose face every oppressor of the land shall flee, and the hearts of the judges of your Supreme Court shall be turned to dust and ashes."

There has been a good deal of excitement in the city within two or three days over an attempt to assassinate Charles Sumner for the delivery of his speech on slavery. On Tuesday evening a gentleman intruded himself into Mr. Sumner's room, stating that he was a Virginia slaveholder, and that he had called to have him explain his late speech. Mr. Sumner replied that he had no explanations to make, and, as the intruder grew insolent, he ordered him to leave the room. This he would not do, and Mr. S. pulled the bell for assistance, when the stranger left with threats. He had previously declared that there were *four* men banded together for the purpose of enforcing a private interview with him, and he added, "By G—d, we will cut your d—d throat if you don't give us the interview." Afterwards this person, accompanied by two of his confederates, called again, but, finding that some of Mr. Sumner's friends were with him, retreated with further threats. The Mayor of Washington having heard the above facts set to work to ferret out the party or parties, and soon discovered that the first caller was a Capt. McHenry, a Virginian, and a clerk in the Patent Office. The said clerk, doubtless, feeling that if the affair was not amicably settled, he would be in danger of losing his office, as well as being subject to a prosecution at law, went with the Mayor to Mr. Sumner and tendered him a humble apology, saying that he was in liquor at the time, and that the interview was wholly due to the banter of some of his dinner-table associates, who dared him to call upon Mr. S. and demand an explanation of him. Of course, Mr. Sumner accepted the apology, and there the affair ended, but enough has transpired to make it his duty to exercise watchfulness and prudence. There are ruffians in this city who would undoubtedly attack him if they could make sure of an escape from detection. The Southern politicians, however, will let him alone, for they have found out that it is very dangerous to their craft to abet or permit such outrages.

The business of the past week in Congress is not of much importance. The Senate has taken up and passed the House resolution of adjournment on the 18th inst., and the House has turned out Barrett of St. Louis from his seat and put in his place Blair, Republican. The legislation is mainly upon the usual appropriation bills, and everything else will be passed over. The Slave Power will not permit the admission of Kansas into the Union till after the Presidential election, and the Slave Power yet rules at Washington, and will have its way in reference to other bills than that admitting Kansas.

AVON.

MORE KIND WORDS.

THE Erie (Pa.) *True American* of the 9th inst. says:

"We have always admired the courage, consistency, faithfulness, zeal and entire fidelity to the fundamental truths of the Anti-Slavery Reform, evinced by the members of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Weak in numbers, they are mighty in the strength of a noble purpose. Garrison is preeminently the pioneer of our cause in America—the seed which he began planting over a quarter of a century ago is producing legitimate fruit, and the present generation reaps a growth of anti-slavery sentiment, which, but for him, would have been impossible of realization. If none lead, how shall any follow, even at a remote distance in the rear?

"We always read the publications of the Society with satisfaction and interest. What we want to say in this connection is that the chief organ of the Society, THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, published at New York, has recently entered upon its twenty-first volume, with its pages arrayed in a new dress, and with its general appearance materially improved. It is a large, choice weekly paper, furnished at $2 a year, and edited with a dignity, a candor, a liberality and an ability scarcely surpassed in this country. It is one of the most valued of our valuable exchanges."

The Grand Haven (Mich.) *Weekly Clarion* says:

"This thorough-going anti-slavery sheet (NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD) comes to us this week in a new dress, and presents a very handsome appearance. It numbers amongst its special contributors some of the ablest and most earnest thinkers in both hemispheres, amongst whom may be mentioned Dr. Furness of Philadelphia, Harriet Martineau of England, and Charles K. Whipple of Boston.

"It speaks out boldly against the 'sum of all villanies,' as Wesley not untruly called slavery, and against all churches, clergy, political or religious organizations that defend or encourage it. Its motto is, 'Without concealment—without compromise,' which it faithfully carries out."

The Charlestown (Mass.) *Advertiser* says:

"THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, a bold advocate of the Garrisonian doctrines, has entered upon the twenty-first year of its publication, and makes an excellent appearance in new type. The paper is readable to all classes, having always one page of select literary reading matter, one page of pro-slavery speeches and articles from the leading Southern and Northern politicians and presses, besides two pages of general news and able editorial matter. It is a firm advocate of its particular faith, and we can say with truth that no exchange coming to our table receives a more careful reading, or deserves more hearty support from the radical abolitionists."

WILLIAM S. BAILEY.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune:

SIR: For years past I have given to Wm. S. Bailey, editor of *The Free South* newspaper, letters asking the friends of liberal opinions in the United States and elsewhere to aid him by pecuniary donations. For reasons satisfactory to myself, I feel it my duty to recall all such letters and recommendations. C. M. CLAY.

White Hall, April 30, 1860.

P. S.—*Boston Atlas, New York Evening Post*, ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, *Boston Liberator*, and other liberal journals, will favor public justice by publishing the above. C.

[The above letter was published in *The N. Y. Tribune*, May 9th, 1860.—W. S. B.]

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

After the Chicago Convention, I wrote the following letter for *The Tribune*, which was not published. I therefore send it to other journals, and ask that liberality and fairness for a hearing claimed for America to all her citizens.

NEWPORT, Ky., May 21, 1860.

To the Editor of The New York Tribune.

SIR: I see in your paper of the 9th inst., a card from C. M. Clay, recalling all his letters for years past commendatory of myself and labor, to the friends of freedom. Why he did this, I know not.

To correct any wrong impression his letter might make against me, permit me to state that he requested me last fall to abandon my (our) Kentucky Free State Platform, stating that he (they of Madison County) had adopted, simply, the Philadelphia Republican Platform of 1856. So I republished said Platform for the sake of unity, as we expected to vote with the Republican party in 1860, acknowledging Mr. Clay as our leader, but did not abandon our Kentucky State Platform, as he requested; for I still thought that the citizens of Kentucky should take some *State action* for the final abolition of slavery among us; which, I thought, would be as consistent as it was for other States that had done so and that are now free. I think so still.

For us Kentuckians to raise our voice against the "extension" of slavery, and yet have nothing to say against the evil of it in our own midst, would be, I think, ridiculous before the world and inconsistent with ourselves.

I have no apology to make to Mr. Clay for my course; and if he has none to make to me for his, I bid him farewell. His letter, I think, will do me but little harm. May it do as little to him. I wish him no ill. I have always been true to principle and trust ever to remain so. But, I must say, his letter is a cold and unnatural thrust without cause. I have been his shield and helper, and now, in a crushed condition and needy, he seeks my ruin.

I have lately procured a small quantity of type and got my small printing press at home, by which I hope soon to let all my friends hear from me, and I trust in this hour of peril they will not forsake me.

My suit is still pending against the mobites, and I hope for redress for the injuries I received at their hands, after which, *if not before*, I shall issue *The Free South* again; and, though mobs, fire and persecution have been my fate, and though misguided "non-extensionists" may forsake me, I shall continue to do my duty in the great work of human freedom, shall maintain the liberty of speech and of the press in Kentucky, and contend for the return of our citizens that were banished from Berea, and other parts of our State. Men should never be banished from their homes because they love liberty, nor will any true man ever lay down his pen or close his lips against his fellow-sufferers while such usurpations last.

Friends writing to me will please address, Box 9, *Covington, Ky.*, instead of Newport, as the postmaster here (J. Q. A. Foster) is a pro-slavery mobite, and assisted, in person, in the destruction of my office.

The Covington postmaster, Doctor Holt, is an honorable gentleman and is an *opposer* of mobs.

Respectfully yours, WILLIAM S. BAILEY.

P. S. Editors who published Mr. Clay's letter and who favor equal justice, please copy. W. S. B.

EMANCIPATION IN RUSSIA.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

MANY of us have read, with great surprise and disappointment, that part of Mrs. Martineau's letter, in your last paper, which relates to the question of Emancipation in Russia. We have had no previous intimation that the Russian Emperor's firm and liberal policy on this subject was likely to be otherwise than successful. It is true that we have read of great reluctance to come into the measure on the part of many of the nobles; but all such statements have been accompanied with the assurance that the malcontents must and would yield, and that the Emperor could not fail of his object. But it would seem that in all this we have been greatly misled. We cannot question your Correspondent's superior means of information, and doubt not that facts have come to her knowledge, "recent disclosures," as she says, which show that the Emperor's power is more circumscribed than has been supposed, and which justify, in some degree, the opinion she has expressed of the essential failure of the Emperor's emancipation measures. We hope that, through her letters and from other sources, THE STANDARD will be able to give us further light on this important subject at a very early day.

NEW ENGLAND.

THEODORE PARKER.

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON OF REV. MR. FURNESS.

BUT this Divine Power works not as man works. It pays little regard to the forms and institutions of his inventing. The Jews had a magnificent temple which they built for the exclusive dwelling-place of this Holy Life. But it appeared not there, but in a mean Nazareth, from which no one looked for any good thing to come. It is free, like the wind which bloweth where it listeth. And the surest prediction that we can utter concerning it is that it is most likely to appear where it is not expected, in places and persons whom the world pities as God-forsaken, and denounces as hostile to the Holy Spirit.

What an impressive instance have we at this hour of this truth, when the tidings have come of the final departure from the earthly scene of his labors of one than whom, hated and denounced as he has been, there are very few in these days who have so faithfully used the freedom and so fully illustrated the humanity which were the distinguishing marks of Jesus, of the Holy Spirit sent in that mighty Name! I hardly care now to allude to the theological opinions of Theodore Parker, and I would not but for the sake of saying that, if great learning, and extraordinary intellectual ability, and a hearty love of truth be the qualifications for the pursuit and attainment of truth, then is there no man left among us whom it does not become to use modesty in pronouncing judgment upon Theodore Parker's theology, for few are there better qualified than he was, in the respect just referred to, to form a sound opinion. Ample evidence has he left that, whether his theological conclusions were true or false, they were not reached without an amount of intellectual labor by no means common among American scholars.

But I forget his theology now in tender and reverent regret for the man, for the large heart, so gentle and running over with human sympathy, and yet so brave. While so many other men are rendered compromising, and "weak by their affection," Theodore Parker was "more strong for this that he had much to love." No distinctions could hide his brother from him, or tempt him to hide himself from his own flesh. It seems to me that a great power, an inspiring presence, has disappeared out of the land. A faithful watchman, with his trumpet ever to his lips, to sound the alarm at the approach of the foe, has vanished from the walls of the citadel of Liberty.

The papers inform us that he has left a large and valuable library to the city of Boston. But we have a richer legacy than that in his honored name. This, in future annals, will illustrate that city, and prove that the old Revolutionary Boston survived three quarters of a century at least. His name is the symbol of free thought and equal justice. He has been struck down in the middle of the fight; but when the conflict which is now raging shall end, as it must, in the victory of the Right, then, in the triumphal procession of Truth and Liberty, the name of this their faithful soldier shall shine from many a banner, like a star in the firmament of God forever.

We mourn at the first thought of it, that he should have died far away from the land that he loved and served so faithfully. But it is fit that his ashes should rest in Italy, the sepulchre of so much greatness, the soil which is beginning now to glow all over with the quickening fire of Freedom. He rests well there. His memory is with us, and that helps us to a new and vivid conception of the Holy Spirit which came into the world in the name of Jesus of Nazareth. How dear to the heart of our friend was the truth of which that Name was once a living symbol, is most touchingly shown in his dying request that the immortal benedictions of the great Teacher should be read over his grave.

MR. FROTHINGHAM'S DISCOURSE.

Rev. O. B. FROTHINGHAM, Pastor of the Third Unitarian Church in this city, delivered an eloquent and discriminating discourse, last Sunday morning, upon the Life and Character of Mr. Parker. As it is to be immediately printed, we do not attempt any synopsis of its contents.

MR. CONWAY'S DISCOURSE.

From The Cincinnati Gazette, June 4.

Every available seat in the church, corner of Race and Fourth streets, was occupied on Sunday, on the occasion of the discourse of Mr. Conway on Rev. Theodore Parker of Boston, whose death in a foreign land was announced some days ago. The correspondence of theological opinions entertained by him who pronounced the eulogy last evening and the eminent deceased probably challenged the curiosity of some, but a large majority of the audience were unquestionably attracted to the church from an admiration of the manner in which Theodore Parker defended the cause of human freedom as applied to mankind without distinction of race or color. Mr. Conway's discourse was an eloquent tribute to the great reformer, full of startling exclamations, however, which few are ready to endorse.

The first sentence is a key to the whole: "My friends, the bravest man that trod this continent has fallen." Though the latest conversations have not transpired, said Mr. C., yet he knew when he fell it was with outstretched arms towards the great truth whither his whole life has been directed. His last breath and sigh were for the oppressed and wronged.

"He (Lincoln) countenances obedience to the slave-catching enactment, and Seward was silent upon the subject."—*Washington Correspondent of the Standard.*

This is very unfair to Mr. Seward, for nothing could be further from the truth. I might fill a column with extracts from Mr. Seward's speeches, denouncing the Fugitive Slave act as unconstitutional, inhuman and void. But look at his acts. In 1847 he went to Cincinnati and defended a man charged with violating the Fugitive Slave act of 1793, and declined all pecuniary reward. He invited the Jerry rescuers to the hospitalities of his house and became their bail. In 1854 he was one of the nine in the Senate who voted for the unconditional repeal of the Fugitive Slave act of 1850. And before you charge Mr. Seward with silence, read his noble letter to the Massachusetts Anti-Fugitive Slave Act Convention in 1851. If there is any public man whose record is fuller or clearer against the abominable Fugitive Slave bill, or who has been more "outspoken" on that act, and on the whole subject of slavery, than Mr. Seward, his name has escaped my memory. A REPUBLICAN.

DR. CHEEVER IN SCOTLAND.—The Glasgow (Scotland) *Examiner*, speaking of the position of Dr. Cheever, says:

"We don't reckon the friends of Dr. Cheever under any obligation to assume any such position as that Dr. Cheever is the only true friend of the slave. It is enough that he is a decided friend, and has sufficient energy to make his views tell, so as to exasperate their oppressors. There may be scores of preachers in the States whose views are as out-and-out as Dr. Cheever's, but they have not sufficient energy or influence to make their views felt. Dr. Cheever is the butt of the slave-dealers, and their orders seem to be at present 'to fight neither with small nor great, but with this king in Israel,' and therefore every friend of the slave ought to rally round this marked man. Let those who talk of his injudiciousness read his works, and this will change their minds."

BOSTON ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE.—The office of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society has been removed from its old quarters in Cornhill to a new and commodious room at No. 221 Washington street, directly opposite the head of Franklin street. The printing-office of *The Liberator* is also removed to a room in the same building.

All communications for the Boston Anti-Slavery office, or for *The Liberator*, should therefore be addressed hereafter to No. 221 *Washington street*, Boston.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ECHOES OF HARPER'S FERRY. Edited by JAMES REDPATH. Pp. 513. Boston: Thayer and Eldridge.

We have here a valuable collection of sermons, speeches, letters, poems, etc., occasioned by the Harper's Ferry Invasion and the tragic scenes that followed that remarkable event. It contains sermons by the following ministers:

Rev. Gilbert Haven,	Rev. Henry Ward Beecher,
Rev. George B. Cheever, D.D.,	(2) Rev. M. D. Conway,
Rev. Edwin M. Wheelock,	Rev. W. H. Furness,
Rev. Fales Henry Newhall,	Rev. James Freeman Clarke.

We find therein also Speeches by the following gentlemen:

Henry D. Thoreau,	Theodore Tilton,
Wendell Phillips,	Edward Everett,
Ralph Waldo Emerson,	Charles O'Conor,
	William A. Phillips.

And Letters from the following persons:

Theodore Parker,	Mrs. M. J. C. Mason, of Virginia,
Victor Hugo,	L. Maria Child.

It contains Poems from the following writers:

William Alliogham,	John G. Whittier,
Rev. E. H. Sears,	William D. Howells,
L. M. Alcott,	George W. Light,
Edna Dean Proctor,	L. Maria Child,
James Redpath,	F. B. Sanborn, etc., etc.

There are also brief passages from the pens of Elizur Wright, C. K. Whipple, Richard Realf, Daniel R. Tilden, etc.; and the autographs of a large number of the above speakers and writers are appended to their respective productions. The volume also contains a large collection of the letters addressed to John Brown while he was in prison, including those of his relatives. And in an Appendix we have the series of articles published some years since in *The Tribune*, on the "Cost of the Union."

Mr. Redpath dedicates this valuable compendium to President Geffrard of Hayti. From the preface we copy the following paragraphs, in which the editor handles somewhat roughly the popular preacher of Brooklyn:

"My desire to preserve these papers arises not so much from friendship for the memory of the Captain, or a personal sympathy for the surviving relatives of his brave colored followers, as from the hope that I may thereby fan the holy flame that their action kindled, until, becoming a consuming fire, it shall burn up, with thoroughness and speed, every vestige of the crime of American slavery. For I do most sincerely believe, notwithstanding the craven speeches of time-serving politicians, and the good-God-good-devil exhortations of pusillanimous preachers, that the quickest way, and the most American way, and the only efficient way, in which to hasten on the Impending Crisis—to bring to a speedy issue the approaching and Irresistible Conflict between Slavery and Freedom—is for the North to act on the aggressive, "remembering those in bonds as bound with them"—as Lafayette remembered America in her hour of trial, and America remembered Greece when she struggled for independence; or to bring the illustration nearer home, and to make it more practical, as Henry Ward Beecher remembered Kansas, when the Southern barbarians were polluting her prairies, and filling her ravines with the corpses of Northern men. Agitation is good when it ultimates in action; but not otherwise. Sarcasm, wit, denunciation and eloquence, are excellent preparatives for pikes, swords, rifles and revolvers; but, of themselves, they yet never liberated a Slave Nation in this world, and they never will. Pharaoh can afford to be laughed at, and cursed, and denounced, with Israelites selling at two thousand dollars a head. It requires Moses, with the plagues at his command, to let the oppressed go free. The Beechers of our age are only useful in proportion as they prepare the way for the John Browns. When they try to oppose the progress of the actors, the preachers are to be summarily kicked out of the way. That is why I put Mr. Beecher's sermon on John Brown in the same class of productions as the speeches of Edward Everett and Charles O'Conor.

"When the freedom of Kansas was in danger, Mr. Beecher spoke bullets—sixteen a minute, and half-ounce balls at that; he truly said that rifles were a moral agency, and that one might as well preach to buffaloes as to border ruffians; but now, when slavery is in danger, he deprecates the assault on it, discovers "a right way" and "a wrong way"; and draws distinctions so critical and nice that he who runs may read that this champion of liberty in Kansas is only a *white* man after all. He has not yet come out to be a universal man, and to sympathize equally with all men, irrespective of races or conditions of life.

"I thus introduce the name of Mr. Beecher, because, more than any other man I know, he embodies the average prejudice of the Northern States, and is the ablest and most eloquent exponent of that hypocritical cant which *talks* of sympathy for the slave, and, at the same time, extinguishes all effective attempts to help him. He will bless Moses, and Washington, and Lafayette, and Joshua, and then damn John Brown with the faintest praise—if calling a hero a crazy man, and representing him as actuated by the base passion of revenge, can, indeed, under any circumstances, be designated praise. He will crow the loudest on the next "glorious Fourth"—yet Washington fought with carnal weapons, and killed men by the cartload, too. And the same argument which talks of John Brown's inexpedient and bloody attempt applies equally to George Washington's career. For, had the Revolutionary Fathers waited seventy years, a separation from the Mother Country could have been accomplished without bloodshed. The strength of the colonies would have made a war impossible. Yet they would not wait one year—far less seventy; and Mr. Beecher justly thinks that they acted rightly. But, for the slaves, how very different a policy he suggests! They must wait—only Heaven knows how long. Until "the influence of National Freedom will *gradually* reach" them! Until they feel the universal summer of civilization! Until the Southern Christians shall feel a new inspiration! Until "the Pentecost comes," and—*"the slaves will be stirred up by their own masters!"* No wonder, then, that, such being his policy—no wonder that, avowing himself a Waiter on Providence—he should say that slavery must last "for ages." But John Brown was not of such a selfish spirit as—himself and his family being free—to preach non-intervention for God's sorely-persecuted people. His was that heroic Christianity which believed in helping God to help God's cause. He would not have been guilty of the inconsistency of teaching equal rights to the negro race, as Mr. Beecher does, and then, in describing an invasion, "snuffing out" of his account the five colored men who heroically shared in it. He would not have mentioned the *white* men only. He would have regarded such an omission as quite equal to our Church and our omnibus heathenisms. But I leave Mr. Beecher and Captain Brown to the verdict of impartial history, which will discriminate, justly, the respective merits of compromising words and uncompromising actions."

ANTI-TOBACCO JOURNAL. Vol. I., No. 4. June, 1860.

The contents of this number are as follows:

A Jubilee among Devils on the Triumph of Tobacco.
(A Dream.)
Women's Rights as Smokers.
Common Use of Tobacco a Sin.
Dr. Martin, Ex-Governor of New Hampshire, on Tobacco.
Pipes, Cigars and Cancers.
Tobacco, Heart Disease, Sudden Death.
D. J. Barnes on Suicide by Tobacco.
Tobacco Destroys Beauty and Health.
The Animal that Chews the Cud.
National Distinctions—Spitting.
Tobacco Experience of a Minister.
"Come Back again, King Jamie."
Striking Testimony of Charles Lamb.
The Smoking Christian.
Tobacco and Maniacs.
Song of the Cigar, or Fairness to the Fair.
Effects of Tobacco on the Teeth.
Wellington, Bonaparte, and Webster, on Tobacco.
Wail from the Kansas Union Echo Society.
Abuse of Opium; by Dr. Allen.
Pledge of the Band of Hope.
Anti-Tobacco Tracts.

Published quarterly, at Fitchburg, Mass., by Rev. George Trask, who will send it by mail, post paid, for $1 per annum.

LETTERS ON TOBACCO, for American Lads; or Uncle Toby's Anti-Tobacco Advice to his Nephew, Billy Bruce. Fitchburg, Mass.: Rev. George Trask. Price 20 cents single, $12 per hundred; the publisher paying express or postage.

"UNCLE TOBY," our readers should understand, is the soubriquet of Rev. George Trask, the apostle of the Anti-Tobacco Reform. The little book before us is admirably adapted to warn boys of the evils resulting from the use of tobacco, and to deter them from acquiring the habit of either smoking or chewing. It contains several pictorial illustrations, true to life, and conveying an impressive lesson. Reader! if the boys of your acquaintance are in danger of falling before the temptation to use tobacco, send to Mr. Trask for copies of this and other similar works for distribution among them.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for June. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This number of *The Atlantic* contains the articles entitled as follows:

The Future of American Railways, by Thomas C. Clarke, C. E.; In a Fog, by E. H. House; the Granadan Girl's Song, by the Author of "The Amber Gods," "Sir Rohan's Ghost," etc.; The Humming Bird; Spring Song, by Aubrey de Vere, London; Chess, by M. D. Conway, Cincinnati; Model Lodging Houses in Boston, by Charles E. Norton; A Short Campaign on the Hudson, by F. Sheldon; Thine, by Florence Percy;

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

BREEZES.

THE breeze that sweeps the cobwebs from the brain,
That wounds our self-love, and thus gives us pain,
May prove—God helping—our eternal gain.

We all have errors: some are deep and dark;
Some, light as ether, vanish as a spark;
All, conquered truly, raise to higher mark.

Heaven send us Charity! that crowning gift
Whose power divine the erring soul may lift,
Without whose presence every good's adrift.

This brings soft calm, howe'er the billows roll;
This gives sweet peace, rich Eden of the soul;
Be this our beacon-light—our star-lit pole.

No breakers then shall wreck our laden bark;
The breeze may grow to gale, nor shock our ark;
Calm in the sunshine, watchful in the dark.

God grant all gifts! inspire with holy hope;
With faith serene our spirit-vision ope:
But oh, give Charity—of widest scope!

A. P. C.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MAUD CLINTON,

THE PLANTER'S DAUGHTER.

BY HELEN BRUCE.

In this world of strange and endless varieties there are some favored beings who, let them say what they will, or do what they will, seldom fail to please and fascinate all who approach them. They are never unwelcome, never in anybody's way; they never are neglected nor pushed aside for any one else. Without any especial effort of their own, all that they do accomplishes its object. They hardly know what disappointment and failure mean. As for the sensation of loneliness, of being unappreciated and unloved, they never were for one moment touched by anything so miserable. Such beings, the young and gay and beautiful, especially if gifted with wealth and uncommon mental powers, are apt to be. Such a being was Maud Clinton. Until her twenty-second year she had moved through life more like a happy child dancing through a sunny garden than like a human creature walking the ways of a world of discipline. Graceful and beautiful both in her physical and in her spiritual nature, she was as a charm to the hearts and an enchantment to the eyes of all that beheld her. The only daughter of a wealthy planter and slave-owner, she had been reared to no habit of industry or care, more than she chose to take upon herself. The house slaves loved her, and were always eager to run hither and thither at her bidding, to dress, to undress her, to comb and curl her abundant and shining tresses, to hold the basin while she washed her tiny hands, to kneel and tie her shoes, and even to lie down and be walked over, were it Maud's sovereign will. No empress, no sultana in despotic realm, was ever more absolute mistress of her subjects than was Maud of her father's slaves.

A Southern plantation would be an *admirable* place to train and practise the young blood royal of the Orient; for who is there in such a spot to dispute the will or to interfere with the actions of the owner of the bodies and services of men? Certainly there was no one on Col. Clinton's plantation who would for a moment have thought of meddling with, or even of rebuking, anything that Maud might have attempted in the way of despotism. But she was naturally inclined to deal mercifully and kindly with anything and everything that was in her power; and beyond being required to wait faithfully and devotedly upon her, the slaves were not troubled with much government, either mild or severe. Maud was too indolent to try to control herself even, much less another. Thus, as Maud, motherless since before her recollection, was mistress of the house forces, they had all things pretty much their own way. And such a way as it was! Ah! it was quite enough to have driven a New England housekeeper to distraction to take one walk through the kitchen and the house of Col. Clinton. The Colonel's own room, to be sure, and Miss Maud's, and several of the chambers, reserved for company, and the parlors, and the dining-room, were kept in a sort of surface order; for these apartments were the especial care of Zenobia, a negress that prided herself on her astonishing propensity to neatness and good order. So satisfied was she that in these respects she was a very paragon that she had impressed with the same idea her master and her mistress, and they no more thought of suggesting any improvements in the arrangement of the rooms in her charge to *her* than they would have thought of doing the same to the Queen of England. But, oh! could you have looked behind bookcases and sofas, and beheld the dust, the cobwebs, the fine, fat spiders, and the unfortunate defunct flies—could you have seen the filth that had for years been accumulating beneath the costly carpets (new ones having been always clapped down over the uncleansed old, to save the new one, and to make soft walking, Zenobia complacently said)—could you have lifted the window-curtains and examined their topmost folds—could you have glanced beneath beds, bureaus and washstands, at the tops of picture-frames, behind looking-glasses, into closets, or any dim corners, you would have cried, feelingly, "Deliver us, deliver us from neat and orderly servants, Zenobia being their representative!" As for the other parts of the house, which was a large and ever open one, and as for the kitchen, which was of generous size, and which stood near the house, there was no pretence of order there. They were always in a predicament bearing strong resemblance to the streets of New York, *after they have been cleaned*—for *before* that effort of the Corporation, even the streets of that dirt-renowned city could scarcely equal the confusion and the filth of the Colonel's slave-infested mansion. But he did not know it; and Maud did not know it; so what was the odds?

And this reflection leads to the mention of a similar case of obliviousness to dirt that became noticeable, a few days since.

One of those clean animals (New Englanders) from the East, having occasion to visit New York, remarked to a native Gothamite,

"What a dirty place New York *is!*"

"What!" said the Gothamite, with a stare.

"Dirty," repeated the Down-Easter; "I said New York was a very dirty place."

"*Do you think so?*" said the citizen, in a tone of considerable surprise.

He did not know that there was any dirt to be seen there. No—not although he was at that very moment standing in a place that his visitor would not have considered fit to pen a pig in.

Ah! well, everything in this world is relative.

Although residing far from neighbors, Col. Clinton's house was seldom empty of company. He enjoyed having a table full; and the friends that he liked could not come too often, nor remain too long, to please him. He said that company improved his digestion; and no doubt it did.

Maud, too, had her visitors. She had made many friends at school, and her favorite schoolfellows, *and also their brothers*, were her very frequent guests.

Merry times there were in the mansion, in the groves, and on the ponds and streams of Col. Clinton's plantation, for Maud cared little for form, ceremony, or conventionalities of any sort, and was bent, heart and soul, on enjoying herself, and making her visitors freely at home and happy. Therefore the young ladies romped, and the young gentlemen helped them, and there was none to find fault with them, or to make them afraid.

How it came to pass that from such a kitchen could proceed anything fit to eat one might legitimately wonder, but *somehow* very well cooked and savory meals were regularly prepared there, and placed, at the proper time, smoking hot on the board. And ample justice was done them by the hearty and hungry company. It is not to be expected that so pleasing a girl as was Maud Clinton, one so favored both by nature and by fortune, should be destitute of urgent lovers. She was not; but at the age of twenty-one—the assertions of would-be wise ones notwithstanding—her heart had made no decided election. And she would encourage no man to hope for more than her friendly regard.

There were, to confess the truth, two or three gentlemen for whom she felt a very considerable degree of interest and affection, but which of them she really preferred she was quite unable to tell. Always the one who was *away* seemed of most consequence to her.

If there *was* any choice, she told herself, it was in favor of him who would be, by her father, and everybody else, considered the least desirable as a husband for her; and who, moreover, had manifested the least interest in her that any gentleman whatever, who had been much in her society, had ever done.

He was old, too, that is, compared with all her other gentleman favorites. Probably somewhat over thirty years of age.

Maud felt that it would be a foolish thing for her to think much of Mr. Miles Wilder, and she did not feel sure that she *did* think much of him—not *much*—only—that fact was patent—she was never ready to have him go away, and always watching and hoping for his return. Yes; it was the absence of this man that troubled her more than anything else she knew of.

Mr. Wilder was a Northerner, and he hated slavery. His uncle resided in Mobile, and he was accustomed to spend a part of each year, and sometimes the whole year, with that relative's family, for he was left without parent or brother or sister in the world; and his heart, naturally affectionate, and delighting in domestic joys, yearned for home and kindred. His uncle frequently urged him to sell out his large possessions at the North and to reside altogether with him, but Miles too heartily detested "the peculiar institution" of the South to adopt it as his home, and glad would he have been could he have induced his uncle to move North.

All Miles's cousins were intimate in the family of Col. Clinton, and through them he became so.

His enthusiastic male cousins, all much younger than Miles, had raved to him incessantly of the merits and the charms of Maud, so that his curiosity was quite excited to behold her. Pleased with the graceful and happy being he could not fail to be; he felt the attraction that drew all beholders towards her, but he saw, as clearly as he did her charms, the faults of her character.

"She is beautiful, and most winning in her ways," he said to his adoring cousins, "but she is indolent, undisciplined, selfish and self-willed; and she has not one idea of what is the true object of life. If she can live and die in the lap of indulgence and luxury, she will always be an agreeable, companionable *playmate*; but were trial and poverty, hardship and sickness to come, what would she do? What would she be good for as 'help-meet' in the day of trouble?"

"Get along with you! you literal and prosy old bear," cried his indignant cousins. "You ought to be tarred and feathered to speak in that style of an incomparable creature like Maud. There is no poetry nor sentiment in your soul."

"Perhaps not," returned Miles, with a quiet smile, "but I hope there is a fair share of common sense there."

Now every word of this conversation was overheard by the object of it. It needs not to be told that she was highly indignant at the "cross old Northerner," as she mentally called him. Among all the visitors that then were at "The Holm"—as the residence of Col. Clinton was appropriately called, for it was built upon a beautiful river island—Maud had, hitherto, not particularly observed Mr. Wilder; she had neither liked nor disliked him; but *now*, thought she, "How I *shall* hate him, hate him, *hate him*."

Accordingly she set about it, and in order the better to succeed she watched him with attention, to discover all the hateable points of his person and behavior.

Little did Miles Wilder suspect the cause of the singular, and, he sometimes thought, wrathful glances, that were cast at him from Maud's large and brilliantly black eyes. What could be the real meaning of their expression, he several times puzzled himself considerably to determine.

Others, as well as Miles himself, remarked the peculiar nature of the lady's observation of him, but as Maud uttered no word of her feelings, no one could divine what it meant. "She watches you as if she thought you a pirate or some other suspicious character. Nobody ever beheld such a look in those beautiful eyes as they wear when they are turned on you. It's my opinion you'd better take yourself off, if you are careful for your life."

And Tom Wilder laughed, as though he had said a very good thing.

"I'm in no hurry, and in no fear," was the smiling reply.

Maud, by her investigation, discovered that Mr. Wilder was a remarkably handsome and very gentlemanly man, with self-possessed and gentle manners, and with rather a pensive expression of face. She saw that he was mild, intelligent and agreeable; and not "a cross old Northerner" at all. The more she looked at him the more she wished to look—*of course*, it was only for the sake of finding fault; she began to feel restless if he was absent at meal-time. Nobody seemed to fill his place at table so well as he did himself; nobody interested her father so much, or did so much towards sustaining pleasant conversation among the guests, as did Miles Wilder. "Nevertheless," said Maud, "I hate him."

But by-and-by he left the Holm. How was it with Maud then? Why, suddenly she found her occupation gone. There was no one left for her to hate, and time became tedious.

But after awhile Miles was forgotten. The young lady's attention was absorbed by new arrivals, and among the new guests were two dashing youths who won equally upon her regard; they were so handsome, so witty, and they both fell so desperately in love with her.

But while these two young bloods, with half a dozen others who were in the same chase, were ready to shoot each other in order to obtain the favor and the love of her with whose soft hand would go a hundred slaves, Miles Wilder suddenly reappeared. He had been on business within five miles of them, and he thought he might as well ride over, his cousin Tom being still there, and take the infatuated fellow home with him. But Tom wouldn't stir; and Col. Clinton so heartily welcomed Wilder, and so vehemently urged his prolonged stay, that he, perforce, consented to tarry a week, on condition that Tom should *then* return with him. "Well, stay your week out, and then I'll tell you what I'll do," said Tom.

The sensation of pleasure which Maud experienced upon seeing Mr. Wilder again before her was too decided to be mistaken. She admitted to herself that she did not hate him after all.

During all his former visit she had not voluntarily spoken six words to Mr. Wilder; but now, the weather being cold and stormy, and all the family being much in the house, she condescended to converse with him whenever he appeared to wish it. It must not be supposed that Maud had forgotten the words, "Indolent, undisciplined, selfish and self-willed;" not she. They had burned a deep place into her heart, and there they were, burning hot even yet. But there was no longer any resentment mingled with the thought of them. There *was* sorrow—sorrow because she knew that they were all true. How she wished that she could become better! And she resolved to *try*.

Wilder saw reason, during that week, to doubt the correctness of his former judgment in regard to Maud Clinton. She was busy constantly; she was perpetually making efforts for the comfort and happiness of everybody but herself; she bore patiently with many aggravating blunders of the slaves; she cheerfully yielded her own will and wishes whenever circumstances appeared to require it. In short, when Tom reproachfully asked him to name a single instance during that visit in which his divinity had not acted like an angel, or at least like a Christian, Miles could not do it. Nor did he wish to. "I hope I was mistaken, Tom," said he; "I hope that she is altogether lovely; and I confess she begins to seem so, even to me."

"Now! there, sir! that will do. *You'll* be in love with her next, and then I may go hang myself at once," cried Tom, in dismay.

"Don't be distressed, Tom; I give my word that I will never stand in your way. Win her, if you can. Who knows but that she will be my cousin before I come South again?"

"I wish she might!" sighed poor Tom; he looked anything but hopeful.

He had agreed to depart with Miles on the following day, Saturday.

It was Friday, about dusk, that this conversation took place. It was interrupted by a summons to supper.

In the evening, when all were assembled in the parlor, a young lady from the North started the subject of the abolition of slavery. She was very young, very open-hearted, very ignorant of the world and of the touchiness of slaveholders upon the subject of their "domestic institution."

"Maud," said she, fearlessly, in a tone that the colonel could not fail to hear, "don't you think you would do better to free your slaves, and then hire what servants you want? I wouldn't have such an army of negroes in my house for all the State. Why don't you free them and clear them out?"

"We cannot do it," replied Maud. "We could not get along without our slaves, nor could they get along without us."

"But why not? The experiment of emancipation answered very well in the West Indies. Why not do so here? I'm sure it would be a good thing for both parties. Besides, it is certainly a wrong and wicked thing to hold our fellow-creatures in slavery. It is not obeying the command to do as we would be done by."

"Miss Ingersol has chosen a remarkable subject of conversation, considering the circumstances by which she is surrounded," said Wilder, in a low, warning tone, having observed a heavy frown gathering on the brow of Col. Clinton. "Leave the room, Bernice," he had commanded to a tall, beautiful quadroon who had been standing at a window behind his chair. The girl departed reluctantly.

"Why! do you not think as I do? Certainly you ought, sir. You are from the free North." She could not see reason for not expressing her mind.

The colonel rose and marched haughtily from the room. Maud looked troubled, but was silent. The faces of the company expressed various emotions. But by this time Miss Ingersol understood that she had committed a very serious mistake.

"I am sorry if I have done anything that could give reasonable offence," she said, looking at Wilder. "Have I?"

"Certainly not, Miss Ingersol. But you *have* given very *serious offence* notwithstanding, as you will do in almost every instance when, in the South, you speak of slavery in the manner in which you have just spoken. I agree with you perfectly; but, my dear young lady, you know that there are times and places where the whole truth must not be spoken."

"I understand. A gentleman's own hospitable house is not the place for his guests to arraign him for his cherished sins," said the young lady, laughing. "I was in error; but I did not realize that it was a sore subject upon which I touched."

Maud heard and pondered all. It was the very first time in her life that the idea that slaveholding might be wrong had entered her mind. She had been *religiously* taught, but not *Christianly*. She had heard many times explained how that the patriarchs, the Jews, and the early followers of Christ, had been slaveholders. She knew that Washington had held slaves; she knew the ministers, deacons, and church-members all about her held them, and of course she had supposed it perfectly right. Her father had taken *The New York Observer* ever since she was born, and their bookshelves were half filled with the various issues of the venerable American Tract Society; for Col. Clinton, though not a professor of religion, always liked to do what he could (so he affirmed) for its spread and support; but in all these devout and spiritual works she had never chanced to see a single line against slaveholding.

That, of course, is not saying that such lines were not there. It is not to be supposed that works so eminently devout and pious do not, on all suitable occasions, and even in season and out of season, bear witness against all sins, and more especially against that one crying sin of our own nation that, in itself, epitomizes all names and forms of sin. We only say Maud had never chanced to see in them any of these searching and faithful passages. But the thought had got into her now, and strange work it made in her mind.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

Down by the swelling ocean's wave,
Where the bounding billows dash and rave,
There came a Captain bold and brave,
A Captain and his men.

Said he, "We'll build a noble boat,
Her ribs and decks shall be of oak,
And on the ocean she shall float,
And sail the seas around.

"Though pine and fir are strong and tough,
Yet oak is made of sterner stuff,
To build a vessel strong enough
To plough the Northern seas.

"Then lay her keel, my gallant men!
Her giant knees with might we'll bend,
And we'll sail o'er the sea again,
And cut the ocean's wave.

"We'll fill her with our gallant crew,
And, in our vessel, taught and new,
We'll keep the ice-bound coast in view
Of Greenland's far-off isle."

So said the Captain bold and true;
So said the gallant, fated crew:
"We'll keep the ice-bound coast in view,
Of far-off Greenland's isle."

And so, due North the Captain sailed,
And ever storm and wind prevailed;
But eyes grew dim, and faces paled—
He ne'er came home again.

They buried him on that ice-bound shore,
And mournfully, sadly, covered him o'er;
He sailed the Northern seas no more,
Nor watched the Northern skies.

INDICTMENTS.

OUR forefathers had a good many methods of ascertaining the guilt or innocence of an accused person, all of them considered equally infallible. The most ancient, probably, was the trial by ordeal, distinguished by the appellation of *judicium Dei*, and divided into two kinds—the fire ordeal for persons of high rank, and the water ordeal for those of lesser estate. Both these might be, and often were, performed by deputy, the accused himself answering for the success of the trial, and there still lingers in our common speech the expression of "going through fire and water" to serve a friend; and friendship, as well as a large reward, was in former times not unfrequently sufficient to stimulate one person to undertake this supposed purgation for another.

The ordeal by *fire* consisted either in holding unhurt for some minutes a piece of red-hot iron of one, two or three pounds weight, or else by walking barefoot and blindfold over nine red-hot ploughshares, laid across the path at varying distances. Queen Emma, the mother of the Confessor, underwent, it is said, this trial at the west end of Winchester Cathedral, when an accusation was preferred against her of improper familiarity with Alwyn, bishop of that city; and this story, although received with some discredit, was strongly confirmed some fifty years back by the discovery, far below the surface, of a large quantity of half-decayed, and very ancient, ploughshares.

As of the fire, so of the *water* ordeal, there were two kinds—one being effected by plunging the bared arm to the elbow in boiling water, and escaping uninjured; the other in being thrown into a pond or river, when, if the unfortunate sank, he was adjudged innocent, while if he floated without any apparent effort to retain himself on the surface of the water, he was considered guilty; the idea being, that having, by his persevering denial of his guilt, renounced the benefits of his baptism, the element of water would not receive him.

The practice of trial by ordeal was put an end to in England by act of parliament in the reign of Henry III., but retained in other countries until a much later date; and in many continental churches there yet remain representations of persons undergoing the ordeal—votive offerings made by those who were fortunate enough to escape uninjured. A very fine instance occurs in the cathedral church of Abbeville, where a lady of high rank, dressed in rich attire, is seen plunging her arm in a caldron of boiling water, and a multitude of beholders with most expressive countenances are standing around, awaiting the result.

Then there was the *corsned*, or morsel of execration—a piece of unleavened bread, or of cheese made of ewe's milk in the month of May, and weighing about an ounce—which, after being consecrated by a prayer pronounced over it, that the Almighty would cause the eater to undergo pain and convulsions, if guilty, but impart to him health and nourishment, if innocent, was taken by the suspected person, together with the holy sacrament. Everybody knows the story of Godwin, Earl of Kent, attempting to exculpate himself from the death of the king's brother, and how the corsned stuck in his throat and killed him. The corsned has, ages ago, been abandoned by us, but it yet lingers in various forms in certain uncivilized parts of the world, and is there resorted to as a favorite way of settling dark and intricate accusations. The most amusing relic of it is in Monomotapa, in South Africa, where the accuser chews the bark of a tree remarkable for its emetic properties, and spits it out into certain water, which the accused is obliged to drink. If the water is rejected, he is condemned; while if it remains on his stomach, he is absolved, unless the accuser will drink some of the same water, and if it produces no effect on him either, neither the guilt nor the innocence of the accused is determined.

Another amusing method of trial, common throughout Christian countries in early times, was called *judicium crucis*. Each party, or his champion, stretched out his arms before a crucifix, and the one soonest wearied dropped his arms and lost the day. This method of trial was principally confined to disputes about property, and the most celebrated instance of its being resorted to occurred in France during the reign of Pepin, when the Archbishop of Paris and the Abbot of St. Denis disputing about the patronage of a monastery, the king ordered that their respective champions should resort to this method of deciding the question. Both appeared in the chapel attached to the monastery, and held out for an almost incredible time; the spectators, we are told, *betting* as to their respective abilities. The bishop's champion first gave in, and the Archbishop of Paris consequently gained the day.

Besides these three modes of trial, there was the "wager of battle," in which the suspected party threw down his glove, and declared he would defend the same with his body, and where the prosecutor took up the gauntlet, and announced his determination of doing battle, body for body.

This last mode of appealing to Heaven to assert the truth or falsehood of a charge, although long fallen into disuse, did not cease to be supported by the authority of the law till so late as 1819.

From these fallacious, and often no doubt fraudulent, proceedings our ancestors gradually turned to the most perfect, and, so far as the liberty of the subject is concerned, to the most important mode of trial ever invented—the trial "by the country"—or, in ordinary language, the "trial by jury."

The excellence of this mode of trial consists, as its name imports, in the fact that by it a man is tried by his peers or fellows. The sovereign, upon complaint of an injured party, lays before the head men of a county—assembled together under the name of the county—assembled together under the name of the grand jury, and solemnly sworn not to act unjustly to any person out of "hatred or malice, or through fear, favor, affection, gain, reward, or the hope or promise thereof"—an accusation drawn out upon parchment, of some particular person, charging him with a crime. When the grand jury have carefully considered the evidence to be brought forward in support of such accusation, they either say—or, in legal phraseology, "present"—that such accusation is true, or else that they are ignorant whether it be true or false; the latter being, in effect, a dismissal by them of the charge.

This preliminary inquiry, however carped at at the present day, is without doubt one of the most important measures relating to the liberty of the subject. From their high and independent position, the members of the grand jury are unlikely to be influenced in their doings by any party-feeling; by law, they can in no case be called upon to account for any of their proceedings; and by their oath, and the practice pursued in relation to those proceedings, all their deliberations are kept profoundly secret. We imagine that no better plan could possibly be devised of placing a barrier between the power of the crown and a defenceless subject, and we hope that the day is yet very distant when this ancient institution will be abolished.

The written accusation to which we have alluded, when laid before the grand jury, is called a "bill;" when presented by them, it is termed an "indictment."

We have elsewhere alluded to the manner in which a prisoner is put upon his trial on such indictment, and how the petty jury take the matter in hand, and ultimately declare upon his innocence or guilt; and therefore, in the present article, we propose to deal only with a few matters relating to these written accusations themselves.

One of the most universal maxims of the criminal law, and perhaps one of the most important, is that learnedly expressed by Lord Coke in the fourth book of his *Reports*: "Nemo debet bis puniri pro uno delicto," well known to everybody in this country in its English dress of "No one can be punished twice for the same offence." As the mere *trial* of a person for a presumed crime is, if not a direct punishment, at all events a vexation, this maxim has very long ago been extended in its terms, and now pretty universally runs, "Nemo debet bis *vexare* pro uno delicto," "No one may be twice vexed (or tried) for the same cause."

Our forefathers, in order to convey to alleged culprits the full benefits suggested by these old maxims, established the practice to which we have just alluded, of drawing out in exact and formal language the specific charge alleged against the accused person and of binding themselves to prove upon the trial that exact charge; and that only—tacitly agreeing, that if they failed in establishing the perpetration of the offence in the very manner as stated in the indictment, the prisoner should be entitled to his acquittal.

By this proceeding, two great advantages were opened to an accused person: the one, that he could not have a vague, indefinite charge brought against him at the time of his trial, to be shifted and altered as the evidence itself varied; the other, that he knew beforehand what was to be alleged against him, and therefore had better opportunity of preparing himself with an answer—two advantages which, if we consider the summary and often unfair manner in which legal inquiries were in former times conducted, were of no small importance.

But though, as we before said, our ancestors were anxious to allege a *specific* charge against an offender, their idea of a specific charge was somewhat peculiar. We in modern times, for instance, consider that to accuse a man of committing a murder of a particular person on a certain day, is pretty specific; but in times bygone, such a charge would have been considered very general in its character. The year of the sovereign's reign, the weapon of offence, with its value, the position of the wound, with its length and depth, the various places to which the sufferer removed before he died, and a multitude of other minute circumstances, had all to be set forth, and the most trifling error in any one of them would have proved fatal to the instrument.

But in addition to this, for some reason altogether undiscoverable to us at the present day, the indictment was universally drawn out in abbreviated Latin, a misspelling in which, however unimportant in other respects, was deemed sufficient to destroy the instrument.

It was indeed a rule with lawyers of that day, that no word which *could* be expressed in Latin should in an indictment be written in English; and we continually find such documents being set aside for breaches of this regulation. In one case, the term "witchcraft" rendered the instrument void, "incantatio" being deemed the correct word; and in another, "de la Fabre" was declared inadmissible in any other garb than a Latin one. So with misspelling: a man was indicted in Elizabeth's reign for murder; some unfortunate clerk spelt the word "destructionem" "destrictionem," and the error being discovered, the prisoner was immediately acquitted. More recently, "deodecim" occurring for "duodecem," invalidated the instrument; and "præsentant" for "præsentatum" had a similar effect.

The great danger which was thus continually encountered, on the one hand, of placing in indictments English words which might be expressed by Latin ones; and on the other, of introducing Latin words not of sufficiently general acceptation to be used in an instrument, the meaning of which was to be patent to every one, led to the custom of using an *Anglice* where any doubtful Latin word occurred. Thus in one old indictment, we read of a man stealing certain *ollas ærarias*—Anglicè, "brass pots."

The frequent acquittals which took place, owing to this severe way of construing indictments, soon led to a serious outcry on the part of the profession, and of the public generally, and so as early as 1650, we find even the great Sir Matthew, who was in no way favorable to changes in the law, solemnly declaring his opinion on the subject in the following terms:

"In favor of life, great strictness has at all times been required in point of indictments, and the truth is that it has grown to be a blemish and inconvenience in the law and the administration thereof that more offenders escape by the over-easy ear given to exceptions in indictments than by their own innocence."

After such an expostulation as this from so high a quarter, it appears remarkable that nearly one hundred years should be suffered to elapse before the legislature took any decided step to simplify and amend these proceedings. Day by day, indictments were quashed by wholesale—the non-crossing of a *t*, or non-dotting of an *i*, was almost sufficient, under the stringent practice of olden times, to avoid the instrument. So great *certainty*, as it was called, was required, that calling an "accessory" a "confederate" was fatal; and particular *words of art* were considered so essential in certain crimes, that without them the indictment was useless. Thus, if a man was accused of treason, it must be alleged that he committed that offence "treasonably and against his allegiance," and any alteration, however small, in this form made the indictment void. So in murder, the accused must "feloniously, wilfully, and of malice aforethought, kill and murder;" in stealing, he must be stated to have feloniously "taken and carried away." In murder, the depth of the wound must be set forth, that it might appear to the court to be sufficient to cause death; "though," says an old writer, "if it be stated to have gone *through* the body, a statement of the depth is immaterial, for it will then of itself appear sufficient to have caused death." The charge that A. did "steal, take and carry away," omitting "feloniously," has several times occurred, and has always been held fatal; and so in bigamy, the accusation that B. feloniously married one C., his former wife D. being then alive, was held altogether insufficient, the proper form being, that B., "*with force and arms*, feloniously married one C., his former wife being still alive," &c.

But above all, the *value* of the thing stolen in larceny, and of the instrument which caused the death in homicide, were always required to be stated. In larceny, because if the value amounted to twelve pence, the crime was *grand* larceny; if under that sum, *petty* larceny—two crimes which, in olden times, were very differently punished, the former incurring the punishment of death; the latter, of whipping and imprisonment only. In homicide, the value was required in consequence of the existence, until a few years back, of the laws relating to *deodands*, about which very curious subject we must say a few words.

According to ancient custom, whatever chattel was the immediate occasion of the death of any reasonable creature, became forfeited to holy church, and was applied, before the Reformation, towards obtaining masses for the deceased's soul, just as was the apparel of every stranger found dead, and subsequently was distributed in alms by the king's high almoner.

These forfeited articles were called deodands, from *Deo-dandum* (to be given to God); and Britton tells us, in his *Pleas of the Crown*, that the intention of the forfeiture was, that nothing which was the immediate cause of so awful an event as the death of a reasonable creature, should seem to go unpunished; but this assertion of the early lawyer has been much disputed, for the law allowed no deodand upon the death of an infant under years of discretion; thus favoring the idea that the intention of these forfeitures was simply to procure the means of conducting a religious ceremony after the death, and for the benefit of the soul of the deceased; for no mass or other purgation was necessary upon the death of an infant.

The rules relating to deodands are not by any means free from obscurity, either as to their origin or intention. If anything *without motion* was the cause of death, only that part of it immediately connected with the death was forfeited; but if the body was actually moving, the whole of it became a deodand.

Thus, when a man climbing into a cart at rest, fell off the wheel and was killed, the wheel only was the king's property; but when in another case the cart was moving at the time of the accident, the whole of it, with its load, was forfeited. So, again, where a man fell from the side of a ship going down a river, and was killed, strictly speaking, the whole ship, whatever its size or value, was a deodand; but if while on the deck a bale of goods fell upon and killed him, the bale only was a forfeiture, for he was himself moving in the ship, and so far as his death was concerned, the whole ship might be considered to be at rest.

The golden rule about these forfeitures was, "whatever *moves to the death* is a deodand"; and in the quaint old book called *Termes de la Ley*, it is thus expressed:

Whatever moved to kill the dead,
Is deodand, and forfeited.

The most curious illustration of this rule is to be found in an ancient case, where a man fell from a mill-wheel into the stream, and was drowned, every part of the machinery *actually in motion* at the time was declared to be a deodand—that at rest, not.

This forfeiture of valuable articles, often without any blame at all being attachable to their owners, was found to be so oppressive that, in modern times, a practice was adopted by juries, of finding as a deodand the money-value of the thing, instead of the thing itself; this money-value being in many cases merely nominal.

It was not until the year 1699 that any improvement whatever began to be effected in the matter of indictments. An act then passed which made it compulsory on the clerk of the crown, when any indictment was found defective in form, to draw a fresh instrument without any fee, or, in default, to forfeit £5 and costs. This, although it imposed a salutary check upon the carelessness of officials employed in the drawing up of such documents, did nothing at all towards providing for their amendment of defects discovered in them. In 1731, an important act was passed, which entirely abolished the use of Latin in law proceedings, and provided that all such indictments included, should for the future be in English. In 1827, a further and a grand improvement was made by the legislature enacting that merely formal errors in indictments should not invalidate them, but upon exceptions being taken, such should be amendable by the judge on the trial. Still, however, all the long legal phraseology was retained, and regarded with as much jealousy as ever; and it was not until her present majesty had been fourteen years upon the throne, that the *coup de grace* was given to these fearfully long-winded and complex instruments.

It would be wearying to writer as well as to reader to attempt to set forth, in any regular order, the vast improvements which the last statute introduced into these documents; we cannot better inform the reader's mind upon the subject, and at the same time illustrate how useless forms and unnecessary phraseology may be got rid of, when any one is bold enough to set heartily at work upon the subject of their reformation, than by setting forth the two forms of indictment respectively used before and after the passage of such statute.

We will suppose that a certain John Smith, being angry with a woman, Frances Bolt, throws a candlestick at, and kills her.

Now, the old form of indictment against John Smith, would, in its very shortest form, be thus worded:

Middlesex to wit: The jurors for our lord the king, upon their oaths present, that John Smith, late of Westminster, in the County of Middlesex, laborer, not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil, on the first day of May, in the fourth year of the reign of our sovereign lord George the Third, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, defender of the faith, and so forth, with force and arms at Westminster aforesaid, in the county aforesaid, in and upon one Frances, the wife of one William Bolt, late of Westminster aforesaid, carpenter, in the peace of God and our said lord the king, then and there being, feloniously, wilfully, and of his malice aforethought, did make an assault; and that he, the said John Smith, a certain brass candlestick of the value of one shilling, which he in his right hand then and there had, and held, did then and there, at and against the said Frances, cast and throw; and with such candlestick aforesaid, so cast and thrown by him, the said John Smith as aforesaid, in and upon the head of her, the said Frances, on the right side thereof, near to the temporal muscle, then and there feloniously, wilfully, and of his malice aforethought, did strike and bruise her, the said Frances, giving to her, the said Frances, then and there with the candlestick aforesaid, and by the stroke aforesaid, in manner aforesaid, in and upon the head of her, the said Frances, on the right side thereof, near to the temporal muscle, one mortal wound of the length of two inches, and of the depth of half an inch, of which said mortal wound she, the said Frances, as well at Westminster aforesaid, in the county aforesaid, at divers other places in the said county, from the said first day of May in the year aforesaid, until the second day of May in the same year, did languish, and languishing did live, on which second day of May at Westminster aforesaid, in the county aforesaid, she, the said Frances, of the mortal wound aforesaid, did die. And so the jurors aforesaid, upon their oaths aforesaid, do say that the said John Smith, her, the said Frances, in manner and form aforesaid, feloniously, wilfully, and of his malice aforethought, did kill and murder, against the peace of our lord the king, his crown and dignity.

At the present day, the above lengthy document would be thus curtailed:

Middlesex to wit: The jurors for our lady the Queen, upon their oaths present, that John Smith, late of Westminster, laborer, on the first day of May, in the year of our Lord 1852, feloniously, wilfully, and of his malice aforethought, did kill and murder Frances, the wife of William Bolt, against the peace of our lady the Queen, her crown and dignity.

By the former of these two instruments, it would be incumbent upon the prosecution to prove the murder of Frances Bolt in the very manner stated, and if it turned out that by some other violence of the prisoner she met with her death, he would be acquitted on the indictment; by the latter, proof that the prisoner murdered the deceased in *any* way, would be sufficient to convict him.

It is not improbable that, after perusing the two documents, the reader may ask how it is that other long legal instruments connected with the common law, and especially with conveyancing, cannot also be shortened and simplified? For an answer to this question, we must refer him to those far wiser than ourselves in the theory and practice of the law.—*Chambers's Journal.*

LADY NOEL BYRON.

WHEN the only child of Sir Ralph and Lady Milbank was born it would have been considered a strange prophecy if any seer had told how that infant should be in character simply a good and true woman, without genius or any remarkable intellectual qualities, without ambition or vanity, and that yet she should twice become an object of deep interest to the English people—her name on the tongues of millions, and her merits discussed, once with party heat, and again, after a lapse of more than forty years, with the warmth of well-grounded popular gratitude. Such, however, has been the lot of that quiet, beneficent, true-hearted Englishwoman, Lady Noel Byron. Her life began with sunshine; then it was shaken by a fearful storm, which clouded the rest of her life; but she, sitting in the shade, sent a multitude into the sunshine, and patiently wore away the last two-thirds of her life in making others happier than she could be herself.

While everybody assumes to know Lady Byron's history, none but her intimate friends seem to have any notion of her character. The chief reason of this is that Lord Byron gave forth two irreconcileably accounts of it; one when he first lost her, and another when it suited him to set up a case of incompatibility of temper. The long tract of time over which she has passed since his death would have settled the matter in all minds if Lady Byron had desired that it should. But she desired only quiet; and it is by her benefactions only that the chief part of her life has been recognized and will be remembered. Her childhood was spent for the most part at Seaham, in Durham, where Sir Ralph Milbank's estate was situated. She preserved such love for the place, up to her later years, that a pebble from its beach was an acceptable present to her. She was carefully reared, and, for the time in which she lived, well educated. Mr. Moore and Lord Byron could have known but little of the education of girls at the opening of the century, and must have been bad judges of the minds and manners of sensible women, if they were sincere in their representations of Miss Milbank as a blue, as a mathematical prude, and so forth. Moore, who had no vigorous intellectual tastes, might have been sincere; and he no doubt was so in the plainness of his avowal that he "never liked her." Lord Byron knew better than he pretended. He knew that she was impulsive, affectionate, natural in her feelings and manners when he first offered to her; and none knew so well as he what she proved herself to be capable of under trial—how passionately she loved him, and how devoted she would have been, through good and evil report, if he had made her companionship possible. When he first offered to her she was, in her girlishness, evidently taken by surprise. She refused him, but desired not to lose him as a friend. When he offered himself again she knew nothing (how should she?) of the profligate spirit in which the deed was done. Moore's account, in his "Life of Byron," of the way in which the proposal was brought about, and the circumstances under which the letter was despatched, was the first that most people knew about it. When that book came out, every one saw how wise and how good was the silence which the injured woman had preserved. Her enemies were then convicted on their own confession. To say nothing of what the women of England felt, there was not a man with an honest heart in his breast who did not burn with indignation over the shameless narrative of how the trusting, admiring, and innocent girl whom the poet had wooed before, was now made sport of among profligate jesters, and deliberately proposed as a sacrifice to the bare chances of the libertine's self-restraint. Her husband bore testimony, after the catastrophe, that a brighter being, a more sympathizing and agreeable companion, never blessed any man's home. When he afterwards called her cold and mathematical, and over-pious, and so forth, it was when public opinion had gone against him, and when he had discovered that her fidelity and mercy, her silence and magnanimity, might be relied on, so that he was at full liberty to make his part good, so far as she was concerned.

Since that time there have been many who have believed and said that no one person in England was doing so much good as Lady Byron. It was not done, as her husband gave out, by attending charity balls, or dispensing soups and blankets and maudlin sentiment. Among the multitude of ways in which she did good, the chief and the best was by instituting and encouraging popular education. We hear at present (and glad we are to hear it) much about the teaching of "common things"; but, years before such a process was publicly discussed, Lady Byron's schools were turning the children of the poorest into agriculturists, artisans, sempstresses and good poor men's wives. She spent her income (such as her husband left of it) in fostering every sound educational scheme, and every germ of noble science and useful art, as well as in easing solitary hearts, and making many a desert place cheerful with the secret streams of her bounty. There was a singular grace in the way in which she did these things. For one instance: a lady, impoverished by hopeless sickness, preferred poverty with a clear conscience to a competency under some uncertainty about the perfect r